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If you want to be in my story, read this page... -CLOSED-

READ THE BOTTOM! THIS IS CLOSED!

If you want to be in my story (LAST SPOT!!!!!!!!!!!!) please PM me and we'll agree on your position in my book and your character name :)

Since there are so many new characters, I will be reworking on the chapters I have posted, and the ones I haven't posted yet :) Sorry guys but this is gonna take time!!
****If you have any ideas, please PM me about it and we can talk about it!****

******GUYS IF YOU WANT YOUR CATS TO BE IN MY STORY, YOU MUST PM ME ABOUT THEIR NAME, AGE, DESCRIPTION, GENDER, PELT, AND EYES.******

1. ~Cougarheart of MistyClan~ as **chocorose**
2. ~Freezefire, Icekit, Startear, and Dragonsear of MistyClan~ as **Icestorm18**
3. ~Tigerflower, Lilykit, Wavekit, Cloudkit, and Flowerkit of SunClan~ as **AniLovers**
4. ~Sunkit of SunClan~ as **Freeze_Pop**
5. -closed-

Sorry guys, I'm not accepting anymore cats to my story. I'm concentrating on my studies right now and I don't have enough time to put in more characters in my story! As you can see, my chapters are getting a little shorter per update. So sorry :(

I might have some time to put in those four people's characters in my story, cuz I always have a draft with me, and it's kinda hard to put in new characters and roles in it, which will take up time. ONCE AGAIN, I AM SO SORRY D:

Allegiances/Characters :

Please note that some warrior cats names belong to me and the rest belongs to Erin Hunter

Deceased cats that are going to be in the story are at the bottom

MistyClan

Leader : (The leader of the Clan)

Mistystar - Blue-gray she-cat with blue eyes and a silver tail-tip

(Mother of Stormyheart and Thornheart)

Deputy : (The next leader of the Clan)

Reedwhisker - Dark brown tom with a brown and white paw

(Father of Cougarheart, Whitepaw, Stonepaw, Pebblepaw, Bramblepaw, Eaglekit, Sagekit, and Tinykit)

Apprentice, Stonepaw

Medicine Cat : (The healer of the Clan)

Riverdapple - Silvery white she-cat with blue eyes

Apprentice, Whitepaw

Lead Warrior : (The next deputy of the Clan)

Thrushwing - Light brown tabby tom with hazel eyes

Warriors : (Toms and she-cats without kits)

Mudstep - Light brown tabby with darker brown paws

Oakleaf - Pale brown tom with blue eyes

Cloudmist - Pretty cream tabby she-cat

Lilacpool - Pale gray she-cat with dark blue eyes

(Mother of Whitepaw, Stonepaw, Pebblepaw, and Bramblepaw)

Stormyheart - Pale gray tom with a white chest and green eyes

(Father of Firestorm, Rosetail, Echokit, Hazelkit, Snowkit, and Wolfkit)

Thornheart - Golden-brown tabby tom with a torn ear

Apprentice, Pebblepaw

Sedgefoot - Dark brown tabby tom with a white chest and a white foot

Dawnsky - Cream-pelt she-cat with green eyes

Nightbreeze - Black she-cat with white ear tips

Smokemist - Very dark gray tabby tom with pale yellow eyes

Nettlesplash - Pale brown tabby with white splashes on his pelt

(Father of Nettlekit)

Cougarheart **(chocorose)** - Cream tabby she-cat with brown stripes and milky, blue eyes

Firestorm - Pretty, slim, pale orange tabby she-cat with a white underbelly and emerald green eyes

Apprentice, Bramblepaw

Rosetail - Dark creamy red tabby she-cat with emerald green eyes

Apprentices: (Cats older than 6 moons old, training to become Warriors)

Whitepaw - White she-cat with a black-tipped tail and yellow eyes, apprenticed to the medicine cat

Stonepaw- Dark gray tabby tom with blue eyes

Pebblepaw - Pale gray tabby tom with green eyes

Bramblepaw - White she-cat with amber eyes

Queens : (She-cats expecting or with kits nursing)

Echomist - Pretty silver tabby she-cat with green eyes

(Mother of Firestorm, Rosetail, Silverkit, Hazelkit, Snowykit, and Wolfkit)

Sagewhisker - Small, pure white she-cat with green eyes

(Mother of Cougarheart, Eaglekit, Sagekit, and Tinykit)

Rockshade - Dark gray tabby she-cat with blue eyes

(Mother of Nettlekit)

Freezefire **(Icestorm28)** - Pure black she-cat with violet eyes

(Mother to, not of, Icekit)

Kits :

Silverkit - Pretty pale gray tabby she-kit with green eyes

Hazelkit - Brown she-kit with soft hazel eyes

Snowykit - Pure white she-kit with blue eyes

Wolfkit - Pale-gray-and-white tom with green eyes

Eaglekit - Very pale brown tabby tom with talon-sharp claws

Sagekit - Creamy brown she-kit with blue eyes

Tinykit - Small, fluffy white she-kit with blue eyes

Nettlekit - Dark brown tabby she-kit with amber eyes and sharp whiskers

Icekit **(Icestorm28)** - Silvery blue she-cat with amber eyes

Elders : (Retired Warriors and Queens)

Pineclaw - Red-brown tabby with yellow eyes

(Father of Echomist, Cloudmist, Reedwhisker)

Minnowstream - Dark gray she-cat with three white paws

(Mother of Echomist, Cloudmist, Reedwhisker)

Lilacstorm - Brown tabby she-cat with darker brown stripes

(Mother of Thrushwing)

SunClan

Leader :

Sunstar - Light ginger tabby tom with yellow eyes

Apprentice, Morningpaw

Deputy :

Blazeheart - Handsome ginger tabby tom with green eyes

Medicine Cat :

Brackenfur - Golden tabby tom

Apprentice, Willowstripe

Lead Warrior :

Sandwhisker - Very pale pretty ginger tabby she-cat with pale green eyes

Apprentice, Stormpaw

Warriors:

Timberfur - Very pale brown long-haired tabby tom with dark brown fur-ends (Former Deputy but didn't retire due to boldness)

Sootfeather - Black she-cat with a white dap on her chest

Owlfur - Molted dark brown tom with darker brown spots on his pelt

(Father of Tawnyfur, Stormpaw, Bearpaw, Dawnkit, and Birdkit)

Sweetbriar - Pretty pale brown tabby she-cat with amber eyes

(Mother of Fishpaw and Morningpaw)

Gingergaze - Dark ginger tom with two light brown paws

Apprentice, Fishpaw

Frostyheart - Pale-gray-and-white she-cat with frosty blue eyes

(Mother of Tinycloud, Duskpelt, and Dapplenose)

Tinycloud - Small, fluffy gray tabby tom with a fluffy tail

(Father of Lilykit, Wavekit, Cloudkit, and Flowerkit)

Mudclaw - Molted dark brown tabby with glazing amber eyes

Duskpelt - Pale-orange-and-white tabby she-cat with pale brown marks on her pelt

Dapplenose - Pretty tortoiseshell she-cat with small black patches on her pelt

Tawnyfur - Pale tortoiseshell she-cat with pale orange-yellow eyes

Apprentice, Bearpaw

Apprentices:

Willowstripe - White tabby she-cat with gray stripes, apprenticed to the medicine cat

Stormpaw - Dark gray tom with a thick black stripe over his eye

Bearpaw - Fluffy brown tom with amber eyes

Fishpaw - Dark brown she-cat with large, reflective blue eyes

Morningpaw - Light-colored tabby she-cat with blue eyes

Queens :

Swiftrose - Black-and-white she-cat with amber eyes

(Mother of Stormpaw, Bearpaw, Dawnkit, and Graykit)

Tigerflower **(AniLovers)** - Brown tabby she-cat with three black stripes on her back and amber eyes

(Mother of Lilykit, Wavekit, Cloudkit, and Flowerkit)

Birdsong - Pale cream tabby she-cat with white paws

(Expecting Gingergaze's kits, mother of Tawnyfur)

Kits :

Dawnkit - Dark cream-brown she-kit with amber eyes

Graykit - Gray she-kit with blue eyes

Lilykit **(AniLovers)** - Small gray fluffy she-kit

Wavekit **(AniLovers)** - Silver tom with blue eyes

Cloudkit **(AniLovers)** - White tom with brown eyes

Flowerkit **(AniLovers)** - Light brown she-kit with two white spots on her shoulders

Elders:

Flameleap - Thick-set dark ginger queen with dark yellow eyes

(Mother of Sandwhisker, Brackenfur, and Birdsong)

DarkClan

Leader :

Darkstar - Very dark gray tom with glowing amber eyes

(Father of Featherwhisper)

Apprentice, Larkpaw

Deputy :

Blackbird - Jet-black tabby she-cat with cool, blue eyes

Medicine cat :

Darkfoot - Very old white tom with a black foot

Apprentice, Snowwing

Lead Warrior :

Featherwhisper - Pretty silver tabby she-cat

Warriors :

Snakefang - Dark gray tom with a white chest, underbelly, and paws

(Father of Snowwing and Crowwing)

Redstream - Dark red she-cat with green eyes

(Mother of Featherwhisper, Snowwing, and Crowwing)

Apprentice, Creamypaw

Crowwing - Smokey gray tom with blue eyes

(Father of Smokekit)

Cloudsky - Very pale creamy-white tom

(Father of Rushingkit and Runningkit)

Coalstone - White tom with black ears and a black tail

(Father of Featherstep, Daisypaw, Larkpaw, Plumkit, Harekit, and Fluffykit)

Shatteredgaze - Pale gray tom with shattered-like icy blue eyes

(Father of Falconkit, Ripplekit, and Brokenkit)

Willowbreeze - Pale gray tabby she-cat

Scorchclaw - Bright ginger tabby tom with darker ginger ears

Troutleap - Pale gray tom with mattered, spotted fur and bright green eyes

(Father of Cedarkit, Dewkit, and Blossomkit)

Apprentices :

Snowwing - Pure white she-cat with green eyes, apprenticed to the medicine cat

Creamypaw - Creamy orange she-cat with blue eyes

Larkpaw (Larkfeather) - Pale tabby she-cat with dark green eyes, held back being a warrior due to battle wounds

Daisypaw (Daisypetal) - Very pale creamy brown she-cat with dark blue eyes, held back being a warrior due to battle wounds

Queens :

Bluefeather - Dark blue she-cat

(Mother of Smokekit)

Foxfur - Ginger tabby she-cat with amber eyes

(Mother of Falconkit, Ripplekit, and Brokenkit)

Raindrop - Long-haired pale gray she-cat with darker gray flecks on her pelt

(Mother of Featherstep, Larkpaw, Daisypaw, Plumkit, Harekit, and Fluffykit)

Featherstep - Slim pale-and-dark-gray tabby she-cat

(Mother of Rushingkit and Runningkit)

Robinwing - Dark red tabby she-cat with yellow eyes (Mother of Cedarkit, Dewkit, and Blossomkit)

Cloudpool - Misty-gray tabby she-cat with pools of blue eyes

(Expecting Coalstone's kits)

Kits :

Smokekit - Blueish-grayish tabby tom with blue eyes

Falconkit - Brown tabby tom with a white ear tip

Ripplekit - Dark brown tabby with blue eyes

Brokenkit - White-and-pale-ginger she-kit with green eyes

Plumkit - Dark gray she-kit

Harekit - Brown tabby tom

Fluffykit - Small, pale gray tabby tom

Rushingkit - Dark creamy tabby tom with white paws and muzzle

Runningkit - Dark brown tom

Cedarkit - Dark gray thick-set tom

Dewkit - Spotted gray she-kit

Blossomkit - Dark red she-kit with mattered, spotted fur

Elders :

Berryspots - Frail gray tom with few black spots on his pelt

(Father of Cloudpool)

Whitechest - Dark ginger she-cat with a white chest

(Mother of Cloudpool)

BreezeClan

Leader :

Breezestar - Wiry gray tabby she-cat with amber eyes

Apprentice, Bloodpaw

Deputy :

Galefeather - Dark gray tom with green eyes

Medicine Cat :

Mossyheart - Gentle pure black she-cat with green eyes

Apprentice, Berrypaw

Lead Warrior :

Gorseclaw - Pale yellow tom with sharp claws

Apprentice, Whisperpaw

Warriors :

Rockstep - Dark gray tabby tom with yellow eyes

(Father of Cloudypaw, Whisperpaw, Specklekit, and Fallowkit)

Wildberry - Pretty pale brown tabby she-cat with pale green eyes

Darkfoot - Dark gray tom with two pale gray paws and amber eyes

(Father of Emberkit and Wetkit)

Darkbelly - White tom with a dark gray underbelly

(Father of Mousekit, Webkit, Mosskit, and Heatherkit)

Milkfur - Very creamy tabby she-cat with milky blue eyes

Apprentice, Cloudypaw

Blizzardwing - Long-haired pure white tom with green eyes

Briarstripe - Dark cream she-cat with amber eyes and a stripe on her back to her tail

(Mother of Berrypaw and Bloodpaw)

Pantherfur - Very dark smokey blue tabby tom with dark gray stripes

Apprentice, Icypaw

Icewing - Pure white she-cat with amber eyes

(Mother of Icypaw)

Apprentices :

Berrypaw - Cream tabby she-cat with white paws, apprenticed to the medicine cat

Bloodpaw - Dark brown-red tom with a long scar on his spine

Cloudypaw - Fluffy soft-furred tabby she-cat with amber eyes

Whisperpaw - Very pale tabby she-cat with dark gray stripes

Icypaw - Pure white she-cat with blue eyes

Queens :

Streamheart - Very pale silver-blue she-cat with thick whiskers

(Mother of Cloudypaw, Willowpaw, Specklekit, and Fallowkit)

Cloudyheart - Very pale creamy she-cat with pale green eyes

(Mother of Mousekit, Webkit, Mosskit, and Heatherkit)

Hazeltail - Pale brown tabby with white stretched from her muzzle to her tail

(Mother of Emberkit and Wetkit)

Clovertail - Cream-and-brown tabby she-cat with milky blue eyes

(Mother to, not of, Stripekit, expecting Pantherfur's kits)

Kits :

Specklekit - Pale blue she-kit with white tabby patches and blue eyes

Fallowkit - Light brown she-kit with pale amber eyes

Mousekit - Small brown she-kit

Wetkit - Dark brown tabby tom with amber eyes

Mosskit - Pure black she-kit with green eyes, the exact copy of Mossyheart

Heatherkit - Pale creamy brown she-kit with blue eyes

Emberkit - Dark gray she-kit with dark, amber eyes

Webkit - Dark brown she-kit with green eyes and a white front paw

Stripekit - Dark gray she-kit with darker gray stripes

(Found alone in WindClan territory, parents unknown)

Elders :

Tanglefur - Dark gray she-cat

(Mother of Streamheart, Mossyheart, and Cloudyheart)

Whitefoot - Very pale gray tabby with a white paw

(Mother of Blizzardwing)

DECEASED:

Startear **(Icestorm28)** - Pure black she-cat with amber eyes

(Mother of Freezefire of MistyClan)

Dragonsear **(icestorm28)** - Pure white tom with violet eyes

(Father of Freezefire of MistyClan)

Chapter One (Edited)

! ! ! This chapter has been edited on April 7 2016.. however there might still be some mistakes. Kindly do not spill in the comments any mistakes. Thank you. :> ! ! !

Chapter 1:

Firestorm

Firestorm opened an eye. She slowly rose from her nest, shaking the moss that clung to her ginger tabby pelt when she rolled around at night. She stretched and yawned before padding out of the warriors' den. As she sniffed the air, she scrunched her nose a few times. It was cold. No, scratch that, it was *freezing*! A carpet of snow about a mouse-length tall covered the ground of the camp.

There was a twitch from the lichen curtain covering the leader's den underneath the highrock. A pale, blue-gray pet slowly emerged between the curtain. The she-cat blinked a few times and twitched her tail, as if not believing it had been snowing overnight. Her gray-blue paws sank into the snow and left a trail behind her as she waddled awkwardly towards Firestorm.

"Firestorm," she called softly to Firestorm. "Come here." Firestorm padded over to her leader, dipping her head and mumbling a greeting. "Good morning Mistystar. What duties lie ahead for me?" Ever since the MistyClan deputy, Reedwhisker, was diagnosed with green-cough, Firestorm had stepped in, fixing and sorting out patrols instead of Thrushwing, who was the lead warrior, the third-in-command of the Clan.

"Firestorm," Mistystar rasped. "I want you to fix a dawn patrol and the hunting patrols. Go with any of the patrols and then come see me in my den. We have matters to.. fix." Mistystar padded away, following the tracks she made when she padded outside. Once she disappeared back into her den, Firestorm flicked an ear and whipped around, padding into the warm den where the warriors of

Mistyclan were all sleeping and snoring quietly. "Wake up! Time for patrols!" Firestorm's shrill meow echoed around the walls of the den, causing many warriors to stir and stare at her in annoyance with their eyes sticky with sleep.

A few warriors started to rise almost immediately from their nest, their eyes half-opened. Firestorm immediately noticed the light brown coat of the lead warrior, Thrushwing. He slowly stood up and took his time to stretch and yawn before he walked over his nest and headed over towards Firestorm. "Hey, Firestorm! I thought I was the lead warrior, not you." he meowed in a friendly tone, half-joking. Firestorm felt hotness surging into her. "I'm only following Mistystar's orders." she mumbled.

Thrushwing nodded, still sounding friendly. "I was just joking, Firestorm. No need to sound sorry." he gave her a quick lick on her shoulder. "Besides, you made my life easier by sorting the patrols." the brown tabby purred, amused. Firestorm lifted her head and twitched her whiskers as she brushed him away with her tail. "I want you to lead the dawn patrol Thrushwing," she ordered him firmly.

The tom fixed her an expressionless stare. "Alright." he finally meowed, the friendliness in his voice disappeared completely.

Giving Firestorm a last look, he turned around and called out, "Oakleaf! Thornheart! Sedgefoot! You three are coming with me to the dawn patrol!"

He stretched his jaws as he yawned. Thornheart's ragged brown fur was hardly visible in the darkness of the den. "Can I bring Pebblepaw, too?"

"Sure. He can come with us." Thrushwing swipe a tongue over his muzzle, his amber eyes glowing. "I'll be outside waiting." Thornheart padded out of the den and to the apprentices' den to call his apprentice. Oakleaf padded after the lead warrior and stopped a few mouse-tails away from Firestorm to stretch. "Why'd you pick me?" he yawned sleepily towards Thrushwing before padding out of the den. Thornheart appeared out of the apprentices' den with a small, sleepy-looking pale gray tabby tom by his side.

"Thornheart, do we have to go?" the apprentice's wails were getting louder, his voice echoing around camp. "Pebblepaw! If you want to receive your warrior name, you should stop complaining and listen to your mentor." Thornheart hissed silently.

Pebblepaw looked up at his mentor with a pair of furious, green orbs. "But I'm so sleepy!" the apprentice protested. "And plus, Stonepaw kept me awake for half the night because of his snoring!" the gray tom glared at his dark gray brother accusingly.

Sedgefoot padded outside, his green eyes bright and clear. "I'm ready." he told Thrushwing, who nodded back at him. The dark brown tom flicked an ear as he lifted his white paw, drawing his tongue over it. Firestorm fixed her gaze on a pale gray tom and a dark, cream-red she-cat sleeping side-by-side. "Stormyheart! Rosetail! Would you care for a hunting patrol?" Firestorm padded over and nosed the two cats. Stormyheart half opened an eye. "Alright." he mumbled as he quickly stretched, his white chest heaving a few times. "Why so early?" her sister, Rosetail moaned as she swipe a paw over her ear.

"Mistystar says so, Rosetail." Firestorm meowed to her. Her sister just grumbled in response and stood up. "Let's just get on with it." Rosetail padded out of the warriors' den. "Wait up," Firestorm called after her sister. "I need to sort the rest of the patrols!" Rosetail looked behind her shoulder, her dark green eyes sparkled with curiosity. "Isn't Reedwhisker supposed to do that? Or Thrushwing? They are, after all, the deputy and lead warrior."

Firestorm flushed, staring at her paws. "Mistystar told me so." she mumbled. ".. and she even told me to meet her in her den after I go on a patrol." Rosetail turned to her sister. "Maybe you will be the next deputy!" she whispered, her eyes widening and glittering with excitement. Firestorm shook her head dejectedly. "I can't, Thrushwing is the lead warrior!" she meowed, sighing. She scrapped her claws on the snow and whipped her tail in frustration.

Rosetail shrugged. "You'll be the deputy one day. I know it. I can feel it." Stormyheart nuzzled his two daughters, purring. "I've just told Thrushwing to sort the patrols. So lead the way, Firestorm!" Firestorm touched her nose to her father's shoulder

and purred affectionally before padding towards the camp entrance. "We should hunt at the Misty Rock." she decided after a few moments of silence. Rosetail fluffed her dark creamy red fur. She stopped in her tracks and turned to face her. "The Misty Rock? Why?"

Stormyheart flicked his ear and paused in his walking, but he didn't turn around. "Misty Rock is the only area rabbits and squirrels go everyday to feast whenever leaf-bare comes. Grass grows better in the mist, so it leads prey there to feast. With more grass, the more rabbits, squirrels, and worms. The more worms, the more birds we'll catch! While we're there, we will catch plenty of prey!"

Stormyheart then continued to walk to the direction of the Misty Rock. Firestorm fell behind to pad beside her sister. Rosetail tagged along, not caring much. Each cat enjoyed the company of their small patrol.

Finally, they reached their hunting spot of the day. The scenery was cloudy and Firestorm could barely see her nose in front of her. Firestorm tasted the air but all she could taste is the mist. She crouched down and waited for a vibration of any sort of prey. Rosetail and Stormyheart did the same and the three warriors waited patiently.

A few seconds later, little vibrations could be felt from a few fox-lengths away. Firestorm quietly sniffed the air. She caught the scent of a thrush between the scent of mist. Firestorm waited until the vibration stopped. The vibration suddenly felt closer—the bird must be hopping around, in search of food. She could hear the thrush pecking on the ground softly, searching for worms, not realising it was being stalked. *Now!*

Firestorm leaped up, paws outstretched, claws unsheathed. The thrush looked up and tried to fly away, flapping its wings furiously, fluffing up a cloud of mist under them. But it was too late. Firestorm brought the thrush down with her paws and finished it with a swift, neat killing bite. "Good job!" Stormyheart praised his daughter in a whisper, his green eyes glowing with pride in the mist. Rosetail nodded to her sister. "Nice catch." she murmured. She flattened herself on the ground even more.

But then she stood up. "I'm going to spread out. I don't think we'll catch any prey where Firestorm caught the thrush." Rosetail started to pad away and disappeared in the mist. "I will meet you back here in a few!" Rosetail called behind her shoulders. "What's up with her?" Firestorm sighed as she dipped her head to grab the thrush between her jaws.

"Haven't you noticed?" Stormyheart asked, surprised. "She's expecting kits very soon." Firestorm's jaw dropped, her catch falling out and hitting the ground with a soft *thud*.

"What?" she gasped in surprise. "How did I not notice before?" Stormyheart just purred, licking her between the ears. "Near-expecting queens are always crabby. Take your mother, for example!" Stormyheart joked and he started to pad towards the direction where Rosetail went. Firestorm perked her ears in confusion. "Really?"

"Ask your mother.. or you'll understand when you yourself are expecting!" Stormyheart called behind his shoulder. Firestorm swept her tail in distaste. *Me? Have kits?* She thought, scoffing. *It'll never happen. I don't like any toms anyway!* Firestorm picked up her thrush once again and started to pad to the direction of camp. *Besides, how can I lead the Clan when I have kits?*

"I'll be going back to camp now," Firestorm called through a mouthful of feathers. She padded back, dragging the weight in her jaws. She dropped the thrush on the ground for a rest. It was heavy! The thrush look back at her with an empty, cold, dead gaze. It twinkled for a moment and Firestorm perked her ears in surprise. "What in StarClan's name.." Firestorm bent over to sniff her catch.

A great storm will approach after Thrush fall. Fire will be set ablaze to replace the old, and to lead with a flame.

Firestorm blinked in surprise as she took a step back at the thunder-like voice that boomed in her head. *Who said that?* She shook her head and open her jaws to carry her thrush. "I must be imagining things," she meowed loudly. She kept convincing herself it was nothing as she padded into camp. As she dropped the thrush on the fresh-kill pile, it fell back against the small pebbles that

surrounded the pile.

"Firestorm!" Echomist, her mother, called from the Nursery. "Come see your litter-mates!" Firestorm looked up and a purr rumbled from her throat. "I will as soon as I come out from Mistystar's den. I promise!" Firestorm nudge her thrush back in place, frowning, as Thrushwing's image suddenly popped in her mind.

Echomist nodded. "Don't be long now!"

Firestorm picked a sparrow and padded to Mistystar's den. "Mistystar?" Firestorm called. "I'm here."

The lichen curtain twitched. Instead of seeing the frail face of her beloved leader, Thrushwing's nasty one appeared. His cold gaze flicked over to hers with a tiny hint of anger burning in his green eyes. "Thrushwing?" the fire in his eyes disappeared as he turned away.

"She calls for you," he mewed softly, and Firestorm detected jealousy in his words. The tom padded away, refusing to meet her gaze. He did not look back.

Firestorm pushed past the lichen curtain and padded inside her leader's den. She lay the sparrow next to her leader's paws. "I brought you some fresh-kill." Firestorm offered, pushing the sparrow closer to Mistystar's paws. Her leader didn't respond—she was staring past Firestorm. "Mistystar? Mistystar, what's wrong?"

Her leader stirred on her bedding of moss. One part of sand-covered floor was pressed, as if another cat had lay down on it. Firestorm thought she caught the scent of Thrushwing. Mistystar's blue-gray fur was ruffled as if she had just been challenged. "Mistystar?" Her leader slowly lifted her head.

"Thrushwing is no longer the lead warrior," she begun, meeting her granddaughter's steady gaze. Determination burned in her furious blue eyes. "Oh." Firestorm sat on her haunches and neatly wrapped her tail around her paws. *Why are you telling me this?* "Who is the new–"

"You." Mistystar interrupted her, her voice sounded unusually strong as her clear blue eyes met with Firestorm's cautious green ones.

"*Me?*" Firestorm gasped, her green eyes widening. "But–"
"Thrushwing's a mistake–the worst mistake I have made." Mistystar croaked. "I've seen how that furball suns himself under the sun all day while you do his job! Is that what a true warrior should even do?"

Firestorm stared at her leader with a curious gaze. So now you notice what he has been doing the entire time. For some reason, Firestorm felt the urge to defend the tom. Why? She didn't know.

"Why now? Why didn't you choose me a moon after Thrushwing was appointed lead warrior? By then he was already showing signs of pure laziness."

"You weren't ready back then, Firestorm. You were just a warrior for less than six months! But when that lazy tom was lacking his duties you took over without hesitation. I wanted to see how you would do. Take it as a test. An assignment."

Firestorm's tail twitched in annoyance. She had been taking over the lead warrior role for almost a season. A *season*! Was she really not that ready back then? Firestorm shifted her paws and flicked her tail in annoyance. *Well.. maybe I was* too *keen on becoming lead warrior.. I guess it was a good thing I wasn't chosen back then.*

Mistystar sat upright and Firestorm blinked in surprise to see her old leader's blue eyes shine. "But now I know you are ready. And you know it too." The blue-gray leader meowed, and Firestorm tilted her head to the side. *Am I, really?* "Firestorm, do you wish to become the new lead warrior of MistyClan?"

! ! ! This chapter has been edited on April 7 2016.. however there might still be some mistakes. Kindly do not spill in the comments any mistakes. Thank you. :> ! ! !

Chapter Two (AniLovers)

I've edited this chapter. AniLovers's cats Tigerflower and her four kits are in it now! xD

Blazeheart

Blazeheart crouched, eyeing the rabbit he stalk for a few moments. The rabbit was sniffing the air. Blazeheart was lucky. The wind was downhill, so the rabbit couldn't scent him. As the rabbit started chewing on some leaves from a bush, Blazeheart jumped up and pinned the rabbit down.

The rabbit leaped up in fright. It tried to escape, but it was too late. Blazeheart sank his teeth into the rabbit's neck and he felt the body go limp. Blazeheart drop his fresh-kill on the forest floor, swiping a tongue around his muzzle. He reach down to take a bite, only when his hunting patrol padded to him with fresh-kill in their jaws.

"Blazeheart, what are you doing?" Sandwhisker, the Lead Warrior of SunClan, drop her sparrow on the ground. "N-nothing," Blazeheart stood up straight, licking his chest. "Don't tell me," Owlfur hissed. "He's breaking the Warrior Code! He's breaking-" "Owlfur!" Sootfeather hissed as she lay her fresh-kill down.

"You don't need to say that!" Her black fur was ruffled. Blazeheart look at his paws. "I was hungry," He meowed quietly. "I couldn't resist," Owlfur let out another hiss, only to be quieted down by Sootfeather again. "Why? If Sunstar finds out, he will be mad!" Sandwhisker asked, gasping.

"I didn't eat anything since dawn," Blazeheart protested. "I was starving!" "You are breaking the Warrior Code!" Owlfur snapped. "He shouldn't be our deputy, don't you think Sandwhisker?" He turned his gaze to the Lead Warrior. "I don't think so," Sandwhisker mew. "We'll give him another chance," Owlfur growled.

“You’re letting him get away with it?” Sootfeather lashed her tail to cover Owlfur’s mouth. “Can’t you stay quiet?” She hissed. Owlfur was her former, former apprentice. “Whatever,” Owlfur growled. He picked up his fresh-kill and padded back to camp. Sandwhisker nose the deputy. “You can eat that rabbit.” She mew. “But you must catch another one!”

Sandwhisker purred. Blazeheart nodded, sighing. “Thank you,” Sootfeather dip her head. “Anything is too good for you Blazeheart,” She purred. “See you at camp!” Sootfeather pick up her sparrow and padded back to camp. Sandwhisker flick an ear. “I’ll see you later,”

She mew before picking up her fresh-kill and running after Sootfeather. Blazeheart bend down to take a bite of the rabbit. It was juicy and tasted delicious. After a few moments, there was nothing left except the bones of the rabbit on the ground.

Blazeheart stood up, and taste the air. He scented mouse, then crouch down and waited for his prey to come to his open paws. Blazeheart jumped up and grab the mouse in his mouth. He shook the small gray body until he felt it go limp. Blazeheart scrap the earth and placed the mouse in it. He covered the mouse with soil, then continued hunting...

Owlfur dropped his squirrel on the fresh-kill pile. He picked up a mouse then he padded to the Nursery to visit his mate Swiftrose, and their two kits who were nearing their apprentice-hood. Dawnkit and Graykit were playing moss-ball at the entrance of the Nursery. Swiftrose was sitting in the middle of the Nursery, her black-and-white pelt seemed to glow in the darkness of the Nursery.

Owlfur padded into the Nursery and sat next to his mate. Birdsong, another queen, and his former mate, was nowhere to be seen. Tigerflower, another queen, was tending to her four kits ; Lilykit, Wavkit, Cloudkit, and Flowerkit. “Hi Swiftrose,” He gently brush his tail on his mate’s shoulder. Swiftrose flinched at the touch of Owlfur’s brown tail. “Owlfur,” She whispered. Owlfur glanced at her. “What is it?” Swiftrose bit her lip.

“Tigerflower? Can you go outside of the Nursery with your kits, please? I’ve to tell Owlfur something,” She mew quietly. Tigerflower stare at Swiftrose for a moment. "Are you going to tell him?" the queen asked, her amber eyes searching Swiftrose's face. Swiftrose nodded and Tigerflower stood up and nose her kits outside to play. "What is it?" Owlfur felt his heart race. “Dawnkit and Graykit aren’t your kits,” Owlfur stiffened. “What?” He gasp. “But.. if the father is not me, then who is?” Swiftrose sigh and closed her eyes. “Please Owlfur...”

Owlfur tensed. “Then why did you say you love me before Stormpaw and Bearpaw were born?” He hissed. He stood up, his fur bristling. “Because I did loved you. I used to.” Swiftrose stood up and padded away. “I didn’t felt the same way after Stormpaw and Bearpaw became apprentices.”

Swiftrose sat at a corner. “I met someone else and I fell in love with him.” Owlfur hiss. “Why didn’t you tell me?” Swiftrose flinched. “You grew selfish and fierce after Stormpaw and Bearpaw were born,” Swiftrose said simply. “You even treated Birdsong and Tawnyfur–”

“You do not speak of them,” Owlfur spat. He calmed down a few seconds later. He forced himself to sit down and wrap his tail around his paws. “Tell me who he is,” Owlfur whispered. Swiftrose turned away from his hungry amber gaze and close her eyes tightly.

“Tell me who is he!” Owlfur yowled sharply, his paw swiping at her face. Swiftrose fell on the ground. She only whispered one word. “Sunstar,” Owlfur stumbled back. “Does he know?” Swiftrose shook her head and stood up. “He doesn’t know. We love each other, but he thought Dawnkit and Birdkit were yours. He is wrong. They are his kits. I’m sorry, Owlfur.. I really am..”

“What’s the problem here?” Blazeheart had returned from his hunt and he was visiting his best friend Birdsong, who was days away from her kitting. Owlfur hissed at the sight of his clan mate. “Nothing,” He snapped. He bent down and grab the mouse he had picked out for Swiftrose.

“We were never meant to be!” Owlfur turned around and stormed away. Blazeheart flicked an ear. “Swiftrose? What just happened?” Swiftrose flinched. “I told him... Dawnkit and Graykit... are Sunstar’s kits,” Blazeheart took a step back. “They are?” He gasp.

Swiftrose stare at him. “Please don’t tell any cat..” She whispered. “I don’t want Sunstar to know!” Blazeheart sigh and nodded. “I promise,” He turned around and padded out of the Nursery, only to stumble into Birdsong. “Hi Blazeheart!” She purred.“How are you, Birdsong?” Blazeheart asked, not meeting her gaze.

“Oh, I just went-” His best friend caught sight of her mate Gingergaze waving his ginger tail to her from the fresh-kill pile. “I’ve got to go,” Birdsong mew. With a flick of her tail, she scurried over to Gingergaze and they started sharing tongues together. Tigerflower looked up from looking at her kits. Her gaze met the deputy's eyes. *Now you now,* the queen seemed to say.

Blazeheart let out a sigh and padded outside the camp. He felt a need of fresh air. “Where are you going, Blazeheart?” Blazeheart turn and noticed Sunstar padding out of his den. This is it, Blazeheart thought. I can tell Sunstar Dawnkit and Graykit are his kits! “Blazeheart?” His light ginger leader seemed tired.

“Sunstar... is it okay if I take a walk outside? I need some fresh-air,” Sunstar narrowed his eyes. “Just for a short, short, time,” Blazeheart added, and Sunstar nodded. “Sure,” He called, and Blazeheart started running out of camp. “And remember to check Sunning Rocks for MistyClan warriors! We don’t want to lose that part of our territory to those fish-faces again!”

Chapter Three

Firestorm

Firestorm stood dumbfounded. “Me? Become the new Lead Warrior of MistyClan?” She gasp. “If you don’t want to, then you don’t–” Mistystar mew. “Yes! Of course I want to!” Firestorm interrupted, squealing like a kit. Mistystar looked surprised. “Okay,” She meowed. “I will announce to the Clan after I eat the sparrow you’ve got for me.”

Firestorm backed out of her leader’s den, excitement buzzing through her. “Thanks, Mistystar!” She called behind her shoulder. She bounced to the Nursery. Just outside the Nursery, Firestorm spotted Thrushwing sitting down, waiting for her.

Firestorm didn’t meet his gaze as she padded past him. “Wait,” Thrushwing mew softly. Firestorm stopped in her tracks but didn’t turn to face him. “I just want to congratulate you for being the new Lead Warrior,” Thrushwing dipped his head. Then he padded away, not saying another word.

Firestorm slowly turn her head. I’m sorry, Thrushwing, She thought. But I had my eye on the Leadership before you became Lead Warrior, Firestorm shrugged her shoulders and push past the brambles of the Nursery. “Echomist?” She called to her mother.

Her four, younger siblings Silverkit, Hazelkit, Snowkit, and Wolfkit were playing moss-ball together. The white queen Sagewhisker was licking her own three kits while they feed. Rockshade and Nettlekit were nowhere to be seen.

Echomist was sleeping soundly at the corner of the Nursery. “Echomist,” Firestorm padded to her mother and prodded her with a paw. Her mother look up, her eyes half-closed. “Firestorm...” Echomist stood up and stretched. “Where’s your sister? Isn’t she supposed to be in the Nursery since she’s expecting soon?”

Firestorm shrugged. “Out on another hunting patrol I guess,” Echomist nodded. “Good.. good..” She sat up and wrap her tail around her paws, her gaze not leaving her four kits playing moss-ball. “I’ve good news,” Firestorm meowed. Her mother look up. “What is it?”

Firestorm took a deep breath. “I’m the new Lead Warrior of MistyClan now,” “You are?” Sagewhisker purred. “Yes.” “Congratulations!” Echomist lick her daughter. Firestorm gave her chest a quick lick. “Thank you,” She said, embarrassed. Her four siblings were prodding her with their paws. “Wow! Our sister is the Lead Warrior now!” Wolfkit mew.

“Can I be your apprentice?” Silverkit lick her lips. “No way! I want her as my mentor!” Snowkit protested. Hazelkit shuffled her paws. “How about me?” She whispered. “You’ll be just fine, Hazelkit.” Firestorm gently lick her sister’s brown fur. “You must mentor an apprentice before you become Lead Warrior, remember?”

Eaglekit, one of Sagewhisker’s kits, squeal. “I’m mentoring Bramblepaw already,” Tinykit nodded. “Yeah! Didn’t you remember?” She bit her brother’s fur. “Ow! Sagewhisker! Tinykit bit me!” “Don’t be such a tattletale!” Sagekit nip her brother’s tail. “Ow! Sagewhisker! Sagekit nipped me!”

Sagewhisker sigh. “Having three kits are a pain,” She brush her tail on her three kits, leading them outside. “Play outside kits. Find your father, Reedwhisker. If he’s too busy, play with your half-litter mates.” The three kits ran outside the Nursery to find their father.

Sagewhisker drew her tail across Firestorm’s slim pelt. “Do you wish to have kits?” She asked, licking her muzzle. “N.. no..” Firestorm tilt her head. “Why ask?” Sagewhisker turned away. “No reason,” She murmured. Echomist was still purring even though Firestorm padded out of the Nursery.

Firestorm spotted her leader’s blue-gray pelt jump on the high rock. “May all cats who are old enough to swim gather here for a Clan meeting,” Mistystar yowled. Cats padded out of the dens and sat

near the high rock. Firestorm noticed Thrushwing and Reedwhisker pad from Mistystar's den.

Thrushwing looked angry, snapping at Reedwhisker who was trying to calm him down, and coughing at the same time. "We gather here for good and bad news," Mistystar meowed. Thrushwing lashed his tail impatiently. He was the only cat standing up.

"The bad news is that Thrushwing wants to retire from the Lead Warrior, and become a normal warrior of MistyClan," Mistystar meowed. Thrushwing shut his eyes tightly, holding his breath, his claws scrapping in the dirt. Firestorm flicked an ear. "The new Lead Warrior is Firestorm!" Mistystar yowled, obviously ignoring the gasp that had spread around camp.

The Clan started cheering. They all liked Firestorm, and she was popular, even from the other Clans. "Close your eyes, Firestorm!" Mistystar mew from the high rock. Firestorm closed her eyes, drinking in the yowls and approvals of her clanmates.

All except... Thrushwing. Thrushwing was narrowing his eyes at her. Mistystar waited for them to quiet down. "Tomorrow night is the gathering," Mistystar meowed. "Firestorm shall choose which warriors should go, along with Reedwhisker's help," Mistystar jumped down and went back to her den.

Stormyheart padded to his daughter. "Congratulations," He purred. Rosetail press her muzzle on Firestorm's shoulder. "You deserve it," She whispered in her ear. Firestorm nodded, purring. "I shall serve you the best!" She yowled to the sky. "I won't let you down, cats of MistyClan!"

Firestorm look down to see Thrushwing staring at her with narrowed eyes. Then he turned and padded into the Warriors' Den, and Firestorm watched the shadows swallow him up. "Firestorm, can we hunt today please?" Firestorm look down and nodded. "Sure Bramblepaw-" "Firestorm!" Reedwhisker called.

Firestorm turn around. "Yes?" She padded to the Deputy. "Go check Sunning Rocks by yourself-" He let out a ragged cough. "I will ask

cats to go with you in a moment," Reedwhisker rasped. He turn and called, "Cloudmist, Thornheart, Nettlesplash, Nightbreeze! Go on a hunt together!" Thornheart flicked an ear.

"I've already went on the Dawn patrol with Oakleaf," The dark brown tabby complained. Reedwhisker's voice hardened. "Go and hunt with Cloudmist and the others. Their waiting for you now," Cloudmist smiled at Thornheart. Reedwhisker flick his tail at his cream-pelt sister, and Tornheart's eyes widened.

"Ok." He and Cloudmist padded out of camp, their two other companions trailed behind them. Firestorm rolled her eyes. "Go." Reedwhisker rasp. "Now." Firestorm shrugged and ran to the direction of Sunning Rocks. "Reedwhisker, Reedwhisker!" The old deputy's third litter of kits ran towards him.

"What now?" The deputy rasp impatiently. "Mother said to find you," Sagekit nip her father's tail. "Go back to your mother," Reedwhisker grumbled. "And that means you two also." The dark brown tom lowered his head until it reached Eaglekit and Tinykit's heads. "Now go!" Reedwhisker spat, and watch the kits flee in terror.

Firestorm taste the air. She thought she caught the scent of RiverClan and hurriedly rushed to Sunning Rocks. Firestorm spotted a handsome ginger tom spraying MistyClan's border with his stench. "Hey!" Firestorm leaped up and ran to him. "What do you think you're doing?" She bared her fangs and hissed, her tail lashing behind her.

The newcomer drew back in surprise. "This is SunClan territory," The tom meowed calmly. "We won the battle five days ago." How dare this tom spoke to her like that? Firestorm is the new Lead Warrior! "Who are you?" She questioned, baring her fangs. The tom blinked. "Is that important?" He tilt his head.

"Of course it is, fish-face!" She unsheathed her claws. The ginger tom shrugged. "I'm Blazeheart, Deputy of SunClan." Blazeheart mew. "I'm Firestorm, the new Lead Warrior of MistyClan," Firestorm meowed. She stood up straight. "The new Lead Warrior?"

Blazeheart asked in surprise.

“What happened to Thrushwing?” “Oh.. he re-” “Firestorm!” A voice broke out behind her. “Can I meet you here tonight?” Blazeheart asked. He turned around and ran back to SunClan territory without waiting for an answer. “But..” “Firestorm!” Firestorm whip around. “May I help you Mudstep?” She bit her tongue from shouting.

“Did you spray the- Great StarClan!” The brown tom sniff. “Have SunClan been spraying over our markings?” Mudstep sprayed the markings and headed back to camp. “Let’s go now,” He called over his shoulder. Firestorm sigh. She followed the older tom back to camp, without hesitating.

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Chapter Four

Blazeheart

Blazeheart padded out of the river, his pelt drenched. He hated getting wet. I hope she meets me tonight, He thought softly and shook his pelt. “Hi, Blazeheart,” a flirty voice greeted him. Oh, great StarClan.. anyone but.. Tawnyfur! “Blazeheart!” Blazeheart turn around and sigh. “Tawnyfur..” He frowned.

The tortoiseshell was grinning at him. She ran over to him, with her apprentice Bearpaw, trailing annoyingly behind her. “What is it Tawnyfur?” Blazeheart impatiently flick his tail. “Oh... Sunstar said we could hunt with you!” Tawnyfur purred. Bearpaw rolled his eyes. “Are you sure about that Tawnyfur?” Blazeheart sigh.

“Yes. I’m very, very sure!” Tawnyfur ran around him. “Please? Can we?” Blazeheart tap the tip of his tail on the ground. “Did Sunstar said so, Bearpaw?” He asked the brown apprentice. Bearpaw huffed. “No. She’s the one who said ‘Let’s hunt with Blazeheart.’” Tawnyfur shot her apprentice a look. “What?” Bearpaw hissed and turned away.

“She’s so moony, Blazeheart,” He complained to the ginger warrior. “I hate having Tawnyfur as my mentor! She keeps talking about you and she never concentrates during my training and hunting sessions!” Blazeheart sigh. “Tawnyfur is your mentor Bearpaw. You must show her respect,” Tawnyfur flick her tail on her apprentice’s nose.

“See? Blazeheart agrees with me!” Tawnyfur purred. “I wish she isn’t my older sister,” Bearpaw hissed. Tawnyfur fixed her apprentice a glare. “I am not your sister,” She grunted. “Well you are his half-sister, Tawnyfur,” Blazeheart meowed, sniffing the air.

Tawnyfur grumbled. “I don’t care at all,” Tawnyfur hissed. “Owlfur had no reason why he became Swiftrose’s mate after my mother

Birdsong gave birth to me," Blazeheart flick his tail. "He have no reason why he and Swiftrose had two litters of kits together, but not with Birdsong!"

Bearpaw smirked, and Blazeheart lick his lips. "No matter what, you will always be Owlfur's daughter." "Your warrior name was named after Owlfur's!" Bearpaw laughed. Tawnyfur shot him an angry look. "And, you can't blame your father," Blazeheart meowed carefully.

"Even Birdsong have a new mate, and she's expecting–" "Birdsong and Gingergaze didn't hate or abandoned me like Owlfur did," Tawnyfur spat at Bearpaw. Her half-brother stood his ground, not backing down. "Gingergaze cares about me like a father, but Owlfur ignores me all the time," Tawnyfur continued. "He even said I wasn't fit to be his daughter!"

She look up, only to see she was talking to no one. Blazeheart had already left, and Bearpaw was trailing away, to the direction of camp. Blazeheart raced through the forest. His running slowed down and he started to climb a tree.

His claws hook on the soft wood and Blazeheart climbed up six fox-tails from the ground. Blazeheart look down carefully to make sure no one was watching him before slipping into an owl hole, hiding behind some branches and leaves. He pulled himself inside the owl hole, biting his bottom lip to keep from yowling from the branches that scratched his pelt.

Blazeheart entered the owl hole, shaking his pelt that had dead leaves on it. Blazeheart curled around the soft moss and feathers he had been collecting for making a nest here. He had also caught lots of prey, and they are safely hidden underneath some soil Blazeheart had brought up with a huge leaf.

Blazeheart nose away the moss covering the dirt, and sweep it away with his front paws. He uncovered a wood pigeon and begun to sink his teeth in, ripping the feathery flesh of it. Blazeheart let the soothing taste fill his mouth, then he stood up and covered the rest of his own fresh-kill pile under the soil and moss.

He finished the pigeon and poke his head out of the owl hole. He slowly climb down the tree and when he was close to the forest floor, he jumped off the tree, landing on all fours. He sniff the air. Blazeheart needed to hunt. He crouched down and felt the vibration of a rabbit nearby.

Blazeheart unsheathed his claws and leaped up. His teeth caught the rabbit by its neck and he shook it. The rabbit struggled, but couldn't be free. A few seconds later, it hung limp in between Blazeheart's jaws. Blazeheart dug in the earth and covered his rabbit. He sniff the air again and started to hunt once more before returning back to camp.

Owlfur hissed and walk around his leader's den. He was very angry that his second mate Swiftrose had betrayed him by letting him think Dawnkit and Birdkit are his. "May I help you Owlfur?" Owlfur looked up, expecting to see his leader's face, but instead, he met Sandwhisker's eyes, gazing at him annoyingly.

"I need to talk to Sunstar," Owlfur forced himself to lay his fur flat and talk normally, holding the anger in his voice. When Sandwhisker narrowed her eyes, Owlfur quickly responded. "I need to talk to him about.. the fox I scented just now," He meowed.

"Okay, it sounds important. I'll be waiting outside his den," Sandwhisker meowed. She sat down and wrap her tail around her paws. Owlfur dip his head. "Thank you," He entered his leader's den through the curtain of vines that covered the den's entrance.

Sunstar was asleep, curled up in his nest of moss that Stormpaw had recently put in. "Sunstar," Owlfur hissed. He shook his leader's shoulder with one big paw. "Wake up," Sunstar half-opened an eye. "What do you want, Owlfur?" He meowed wearily. "Do you know that Swiftrose is in love with another cat?" Owlfur tensed.

Sunstar sat upright. "That's bad," He meowed, licking a paw. "She even told me that Dawnkit and Birdkit are not my kits." Owlfur watched his leader stiffened. "Oh," Was all the ginger leader meowed. "She told me something very interesting-" "Sunstar!

Sunstar!” Sandwhisker poke her head in the den.

“What is it?” “It’s Swiftrose,” Sandwhisker panted, and Sunstar shot up from his nest. “What happened?” “She was making dirt, when a badger…” Sandwhisker didn’t finish. Sunstar ran to the dirt place. From his leader’s den, Owlfur could hear the badger’s screech and Sunstar’s voice.

“Aren’t you going to help your mate?” Sandwhisker gasp. “No.” Owlfur snarled. “What? Why not?” Sandwhisker asked, her jaw dropped. “We are not mates anymore,” Owlfur hissed. Sandwhisker snarled. “You were just like that to my sister Birdsong.” On hearing his former, former mate’s name, Owlfur screech and rake his claws on Sandwhisker’s nose.

“It is not my fault she gave birth to Tawnyfur!” “Why not? Because she’s a tortoiseshell?” Sandwhisker tensed, her fur bristling. “Everyone knows how much I hate them!” Owlfur snarled. He dashed out of the den. Sandwhisker grumbled. She sat down and drew a paw over her nose. She felt a tingle of pain from it. Sandwhisker shook her head and stood up.

Owlfur may be the strongest Warrior in SunClan, but he needs to learn how to respect. Sandwhisker ran behind the dirt place and saw Swiftrose laying under a tree, with Sunstar licking her bleeding flank, and Owlfur watching them with his glowing amber eyes.

Next to Owlfur was the dead body the badger. Sunstar’s apprentice, Morningpaw, was staring at the badger’s body with big eyes. “Owlfur! Are you alright?” Brackenfur, the medicine cat, and also Sandwhisker’s brother, ran to the brown warrior. “Great StarClan! Look at the wounds that badger gave you!” Brackenfur begun pressing cobwebs on Owlfur’s shoulder.

“Leave me alone!” Owlfur snapped. He stood up, shook the cobwebs off, and stormed away. “I swear I will get you Swiftrose,” Owlfur turned around and snarled. His fur bristle, his tail lashed, and he bared his teeth as he curl his lip and slid his claws out. “And you too, Sunstar! So you’d better watch your tail!”

Chapter Five

Firestorm

Firestorm padded into camp, the sparrow she caught dangling in her jaws. Mudstep was beside her. “So,” He meowed behind a mouthful of hare fur. “Why do you think Thrushwing retired? He’s not that old. He doesn’t even have kits or a mate yet.” Firestorm drop her sparrow as she stop in her tracks. She bowed her head and shut her eyes tightly.

“I..” She whispered, feeling hot. “I don’t know,” She finally meowed after a long, awkward silence. Mudstep’s eyes searched Firestorm’s face. “Okay,” He meowed. “I was just asking anyway, Lead,” Firestorm gaze up at him. “You don’t have to call me Lead,” She replied.

Mudstep snort. “Whatever you say, Lead!” He laughed and ran to the fresh-kill pile to drop his hare. Firestorm flick her tail and picked up her sparrow by its neck. She drag it and lay it down on the top of the fresh-kill pile. ‘The first kit will be Sparrowkit,’ Firestorm stumbled back, her eyes widened. “Who said that? Who are you?!” She cried.

‘By the misty land of MistyClan, a great storm will approach after Thrush fall. Fire will rise with leadership and respect. All cats will respect her, except Fire’s greatest enemy who will rise with hatred and jealousy. The enemy will try to destroy her until her very last breath. Fire will make the biggest mistake before Deputyship, and she have to choose between her kin or her clan,’

“Get out of my head!” Firestorm shut her eyes, shaking her head angrily. Riverdapple rushed over to Firestorm. “Calm down, Firestorm!” She meowed, placing a paw on her shoulder. “Calm down,” The white medicine cat whispered. Firestorm open her eyes.

Around her, cats watched with anxious eyes, their expressions worried for their Lead Warrior. “I think you need a check-up,”

Riverdapple mew softly. Firestorm blinked. “No, I’m fine,” Firestorm bit her lip. “As your medicine cat-”

“As your Lead Warrior, I command you to go back to what you were doing before,” Firestorm fixed the medicine cat with a glare. Riverdapple flicked her tail. The medicine cat held her gaze with Firestorm before backing away, shrugging. “Okay,” She whispered and turned to pad back to the medicine den, her apprentice Whitepaw watching with scared, blue eyes.

Firestorm looked up. The sun was sinking at the horizon. She sat down and wrap her tail around her paws. “Firestorm? Is it okay if I lead the evening patrol? Just for today?” Firestorm turned around and sniff. Her sister Rosetail sat down heavily. “Uh sure—” Firestorm stopped herself. She had to meet Blazeheart that night!

“I mean.. no, Rosetail,” Firestorm stood up. “Aren’t you suppose to be in the Nursery now?” Her sister flicked an ear and sigh. “Fine,” She meowed. She heavily push herself up and padded to the Nursery, pushing past the heavy layer of brambles that covered the entrance.

Firestorm scan the camp. Cats were padding into the dens to sleep. She spotted light brown tabby fur of Thrushwing, sitting next to the fresh-kill pile, gulping down a mouse. Firestorm quietly hid under a bush near the camp entrance. She waited until Thrushwing finished his meal and watched him pad inside the warriors’ den.

She jump out of her hiding place and dashed out of camp. Firestorm’s pace slowed when she scented the familiar scent of the SunClan deputy. The SunClan deputy was sitting on a rock across the MistyClan border. “Blazeheart!” Firestorm hissed. She poked her head out of the bush. “Blazeheart!”

The ginger warrior was yawning, his eyes half-closed. He lay down on the hard surface of the rock and closed his eyes. Firestorm growled under her breath. She jumped into the river and swam to SunClan border. She padded out to the shore and shook Blazeheart with one soaked paw. “Wake up, you fish-breath!” Firestorm growled. “I don’t have much time! I need to get back to my Clan!”

Blazeheart blinked open his eyes and shook his head. “Oops.. sorry Firestorm. I felt tired...” Firestorm shook with anger. “I’m tired too, deputy. Why did you insist to meet me?” Blazeheart sat upright. “Well.. do you climb?” Firestorm met his gaze, her eyes filled with fury. “Of course I can! I can swim and climb trees!”

The deputy frowned for a moment. “What do you mean? MistyClan cats can only swim..” Blazeheart blinked. She just told an enemy that MistyClan could climb! “Uh... I meant.. I don’t know how to climb!” Firestorm felt herself burning. “I can teach you,” Silence. Firestorm face Blazeheart again.

So this is it? She thought angrily. Just to talk a friendly talk when we could just do it at the gathering tomorrow night? Firestorm growled. “This is just a waste of my time,” She hissed. She flatten her ears to her head. “So I just come and meet you here in the middle of the night for a friendly talk?” Blazeheart’s green eyes searched her face.

“I didn’t mean—” “I will report this to Mistystar!” Firestorm interrupted. “Right now!” She turned away. But before she could leap into the river, Blazeheart jumped up and pinned her down. “Let me go, you idiot!” Firestorm yelled. “If you tell Mistystar, you would get in trouble too, you know.” Blazeheart meowed calmly.

“What do you mean?” Firestorm snarled. She curl her lip and tried to struggle, but the huge warrior push his paws harder on her back. “Think, Firestorm.” He sigh. “She’s gonna ask you why you were talking to me in the first place, and why you met me here when you are suppose to be asleep.” Firestorm wriggled out of the warrior’s grasp.

“You do have a point,” She finally meowed. “But I’m still going back to MistyClan!” Blazeheart took a step closer to her. “Please stay! I can teach you how to climb, and you could teach me how to swim!” Firestorm froze. “Have you gone crazy?” She yelled. She bared her teeth and let out a snarl. “Teaching you? An enemy?”

Blazeheart held his gaze. “Please? I’ll race you to that tree there!” He pointed an ancient oak tree ten badger-lengths away with his tail. “Unless you are too slow,” Blazeheart smirked. “Go!” He

yowled and dash to the oak. Firestorm hissed under her breath. She wasn't going to let this fish-brain beat her!

Firestorm sprang up and dash to the oak. She dash past Blazeheart and leap up the oak, touching a branch with a paw. Than Firestorm landed gracefully on the ground. "I win! Beat that!" She smirked. Blazeheart panted. "You're fast," He mumbled, his eyes shone. "So you think you can teach me how to swim?"

Firestorm puff her chest and held her head high. "We MistyClan cats are the best!" She boasted, smiling. She turn around and she accidentally swipe her muzzle across Blazeheart's muzzle. Firestorm jumped back in surprise. "I'm so sorry," She whispered, biting her lip.

"I.. I must go," She turned away. No sooner she jumped into the river, the SunClan deputy yowled out, "It's alright, and I'll see you at the gathering tomorrow!"

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Chapter Six

To the people who want to be in my story—sorry guys. I've been editing for about a week with the characters you guys want to be. But after that, I realized I should go on with my old draft for this chapter only. :(So sorry guys!!

Here is chapter six. This MIGHT be Owlfur's ONLY POV! I might add more of his POV, if I run out of ideas for Blazeheart :3 .

Owlfur (And a bit of Blazeheart)

Blazeheart stood there, watching the pale ginger pelt of the new Lead Warrior swim away and disappear into the shadows of her own territory. He flicked his tail, his lips slanted upright a little. Blazeheart like this she-cat. She was brave, determined, and.. beautiful.

Blazeheart turned away, remembering Firestorm and his muzzle touching. He breath out, closing his eyes. His sniff the air. The faint smell of Firestorm still hung in the air. Blazeheart padded back to camp, unaware that Owlfur, who was hiding under some bracken, had seen the whole thing.

Owlfur snarled to himself. “Blazeheart the deputy,” He smirked. “Falling in love with a she-cat from an enemy clan,” He stood up and shook his dark brown pelt. “But that she-cat was pretty... She could be my next mate!” Owlfur grinned and padded back to camp. When he reached camp, he noticed the ginger deputy sneaking quietly into the Warrior’s den.

Owlfur made a dash up a tree. He was supposed to be keeping an eye at night incase of an invasion, and that was when he saw Blazeheart sneak out of camp behind the nursery. Owlfur had followed the ginger tabby and saw and heard everything.

Owlfur rested his head on his paws, his tail hanging from the

branch as he scan the camp with his amber eyes. Should I blackmail Blazeheart? He thought to himself, as an image of the deputy popped into his mind. Or maybe.. just ask Firestorm to meet me at night! She can fall in love with me instead of him! Owlfur's grin grew bigger.

Blazeheart curled up in his nest. He was very tired. His eyelids begun to drop and he soon fell asleep. Owlfur swipe a tongue over his muzzle and felt a cool breeze. 'What do you think you're doing?' Owlfur drew back in surprise. "Who... who are you..?" He whispered, staring at the transparent cat forming into a very familiar cat in front of him. "R.. Rainfur?!"

Owlfur gasp at the sight of his dead mother. "Don't fall for an enemy cat, Owlfur," The pale gray transparent cat hissed as she stepped closer to her son with her white paws, her sharp claws shining in the moonlight. "I.. I thought you were dead, Rainfur!" Owlfur whispered.

Owlfur remembered too well that his own mother never cared or loved him or his brother. They never nursed from Rainfur, even after they were born. Owlfur had always feared Rainfur. He knew the reason why Rainfur hated her kits — he and his dead brother. Rainfur fell in love with a DarkClan warrior name Shadefoot, who is Whitefoot's brother.

Rainfur became deputy when she was half a moon pregnant. She was scared the clan was going to find out she was expecting, especially the former SunClan medicine cat, Milkygaze, who was Brackenfur's mentor. After a few days Rainfur gave birth, she marched up to Shadefoot at the gathering and they had a fight.

Rainfur was angry at Shadefoot and yelled "Why did you make me have kits? If it wasn't for you, I would be SunClan deputy, not that.. that idiot Cloudstorm!" (Cloudstorm is Blazeheart's mother, Rainfur's former best friend, and Milkygaze's older sister) Shadefoot was angry and yelled back. "I thought you wanted to have kits!"

The whole gathering had heard the entire conversation. "If you really loved me than why did you take another she-cat as your new mate?"

Rainfur snarled. She bared her fangs and hissed. “If I didn’t take Roseblossom as my mate, my clan will suspect-” “Suspect?” Rainfur swipe her tail, her teeth gritted.

“Suspect? Your clan already knows, and you still say suspect?!” “Shadefoot.. what’s going on?” A small, red tabby she-cat with a white chest padded up towards him. “Who are you?” Rainfur growled, her gaze burning like fire. “My name is Roseblossom..” The red she-cat trembled. “Roseblossom?” Rainfur snarled. She leaped on the red she-cat and sank her teeth in her neck.

Roseblossom yelped in pain. Shadefoot grabbed Rainfur’s scruff and hauled her away. “Rainfur! Stop this nonsense!” Rainfur panted, eyeing Roseblossom. “Your mate..” She whispered, eyes as huge as an owl’s. “Is.. expecting, isn’t she?” Once again, Rainfur’s eyes blaze. She leaped forward and pinned Shadefoot down.

“This is how I feel now!” Rainfur snarled and sank her teeth in his scruff. “No!” Roseblossom gasp. The whole gathering stood, watching, with terrified eyes. “Stop this!” Sunstar yell as he and Darkstar, leader of DarkClan, jumped down from the high rock. “Now it’s your turn!” Just before she could leap on Roseblossom, she was pinned down by Sunstar and Darkstar. Shadefoot rasp, coughing out blood. He was rushed back to DarkClan, with Roseblossom by his side.

“You,” Darkstar snarled. “How dare you attack my deputy and his mate! How dare you-” Sunstar growled. “You! Why can’t you keep your mouth shut?” He rake her claws on Rainfur’s cheek. “That’s why I shouldn’t have made you Deputy before,” Sunstar snarled.

“You may have your eyes on the deputyship, but you’ll never be deputy!” Breezestar the leader of BreezeClan, and Mistystar the leader of MistyClan, narrowed their eyes. “This she-cat... she must be punished!” Mistystar meowed. Breezestar nodded. “Look how much trouble she caused!” The gray she-cat snort. “Attacking during a gathering and breaking the truce, telling every cat a lie..”

Yowls of anger came from the Clans. “Kill her!” “Blind her!” “Drive her out of the forest!” Sunstar growled. “You are sentenced to exil from SunClan. If any, and I mean if any cat sees you, they have my

permission to kill you." The leaders nodded, still snaring. That night, Rainfur ran back to SunClan camp. She marched into the Nursery.

"Rainfur! Where's the rest of the Clan.." Rainfur turned to her den mate, Flameleap, and strike at her, causing the queen to fall backwards. Her three kits whimpered and huddled as Rainfur cornered Owlfur and his brother. Rainfur snarled. "You kits destroyed my chances of being deputy!"

Then she killed Owlfur's brother, right before his very own eyes. Just before Rainfur strike at him, she was pinned down by two warriors sent from the gathering earlier by Sunstar, to make sure she doesn't come back.

Flameleap shivered and drew her own kits nearer to her (Sandwhisker, Brackenfur, and Birdsong). She adopted and took care of Owlfur. Rainfur was never seen again, but not long after Owlfur's warrior ceremony, Rainfur's body was found floating in the river.

"Please, Rainfur," Owlfur begged. "L.. leave me alone!" "Don't make the same mistake as I did before, Owlfur," Rainfur snapped, she swipe one of her white paws across her son's face. Owlfur yowl in pain. He lost his balance on the tree and slipped. He was hanging by the branch with one of his front paws.

"Please, mother.." Owlfur pleaded. "You are not my son if you fall in love with that MistyClan warrior!" Owlfur's heartbeat stopped. "And if you want to be my son, you know better than to betray me!" Rainfur clawed Owlfur's paw that was holding the branch. Owlfur yowled in pain and his paw let go, sending him down, hitting the hard ground below.

Rainfur watched her son from the branch, her tail swishing. Owlfur was twitching as blood flowed from his mouth. He closed his eyes and muttered, "Mother.." Before he blacked out. Rainfur tensed, swiping her tongue over her muzzle. "Blazeheart's mother is a traitor to me," She snarled. "And worse, you and Blazeheart fell in love with the same cat!" Rainfur snarled as she disappeared in thin air.

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Chapter Seven (Chocorose and Icestorm18)

OMG! TWO CHAPTERS IN ONE DAY! And this is a long one, to make up for the long time I haven't posted chapters! ;)
I have put Cougarheart, Freezefire, and Icekit in this story, but for a short part only :s
Still working on it ^^"
:D Enjoy, guys~~

Firestorm

Firestorm padded quietly into camp. Thrushwing was standing by the camp entrance, staring at her when she brought back a squirrel. “Where did you go?” He asked, eyeing the squirrel she caught. “I,” Firestorm meowed through squirrel fur. “Went hunting,”

Thrushwing lock gazes with her. “In the middle of the night? Yeah, I doubt that, Firestorm,” Before Firestorm could blink, Thrushwing snatch the squirrel away from her. “Hey!” Firestorm snarled. Thrushwing smirked. “This is my kill now, Firestorm,” He started to walk to the fresh-kill pile.

Firestorm hissed. “Give it back!” She ran towards him and leaped on him, pinning him down on the sandy floor of camp. “Give. Me. Back. My. Squirrel.” Firestorm snarled. Thrushwing spat out the squirrel. “Fine, fine..” He panted. “It’s all yours,” Firestorm jumped off Thrushwing and grab the squirrel by its scruff.

She drop her catch on the fresh-kill pile and stalked off to the warriors’ den to sleep. Firestorm curled next to her father, Stormyheart, who was sleeping deeply, and fell asleep. She woke up the next day, surprise to see that she was the only one in the warriors’ den.

Firestorm stretched, yawned, and padded outside tiredly. The sun

was already up. Reedwhisker approached her. “Where were you?” He questioned, stifling a cough. “You’ve missed the dawn patrol, the border patrols, and four hunting patrols!” Firestorm blinked at the deputy. “Sorry,” She meowed. She yawned again. “What’s with you?” Thrushwing sneered from behind.

“None of your business,” Firestorm snapped at him. “I was the night guard and I’m not sleepy like you!” Thrushwing grinned. “I was out hunting,” Firestorm snarled. “Of course I’m tired, you-” Stormyheart jumped between them. “Excuse me, Thrushwing,” He meowed politely. “But I thought you were in a hunting patrol with me?” Stormyheart pointed at Cougarheart and Thornheart with his nose.

Thrushwing rolled his eyes. “Okay, whatever,” He muttered, stumbling away. “I was just trying to make a conversation.” Reedwhisker limp to Riverdapple’s den, shaking his head. “Are you okay?” Stormyheart asked his daughter, sniffing her head. “Your nose seem pale.”

Firestorm wriggled away from her father. “I’m fine,” She promised. “I’m just tired, that’s all.” Stormyheart shrugged. “Just go to Riverdapple for a check-up.” He turned away and padded out of camp, his patrol waiting for him. Firestorm waited until the shadows of the brambles cover him up, than she padded behind the Nursery.

She brush through some vines that covered a tunnel beneath a tree. Firestorm had found out the tunnel when she was a kit. She was playing with a butterfly but than she tripped over some moss and rolled down a slope. She saw the vines and thought she would hit a rock and die.

But Firestorm had rolled inside it. She finally stopped rolling when she hit a puddle of water. Firestorm had explored the tunnel, and the best thing was that at the other end of the tunnel was a passageway to SunClan territory! Firestorm had always kept the tunnel a secret, and she always visited it until she became a warrior. It has been moons since she went into the tunnel. Firestorm sat next to the pool of water.

She lap at the water's edge and stare at her reflection. Her father was right. Her nose is pale. Firestorm sigh. 'I think I'm falling for Blazeheart..' She thought. A painful yowl startled her. Firestorm rushed out of the den and ran to the Nursery, where her sister, Rosetail, was lying down, her face twisted with pain. "What's happening?"

Firestorm gasp in alarm. She bend over and nudge her sister's cheek. "It's okay, Firestorm," Riverdapple meowed. The silver she-cat place her paw on Rosetail's flank. "What do you mean, it's okay?" Firestorm snarled. Whitepaw, Riverdapple's apprentice, laughed. "What does it look like?"

"She's giving birth, mouse-brain." Firestorm turn around and noticed her mother Echomist curling her tail around her four kits. "But.. that.. that looks painful!" Firestorm protested. Echomist purred. "Of course it is painful. When you're giving birth, you'll feel the same pain as all queens feel while giving birth!"

Rosetail moaned. "The first kit's coming!" Riverdapple meowed. Sagewhisker and Rockshade, the queens who were watching, nose their kits together at the end of the Nursery. "Stay there until she gives birth," Rockshade meowed to her only kit, Nettlekit. "But we want to see our new den-mates!" Eaglekit, one of Sagewhisker's kits, protested.

"Yeah! Me too!" Sagekit and Tinykit started complaining. Sagewhisker rolled her eyes. "Kits," The white queen meowed. "Be quiet of else all of you will eat nothing but mouse-tails for three days!" Echomist just purred. "Kits will be kits," She smiles.

"The first kit's here!" Whitepaw meowed. A small, dark gray she-kit slipped into the nest. Whitepaw begun licking the kit. The kit open its mouth and let out a tiny whimper. "It's a she-kit!" Riverdapple purred. "Put that kit next to Rosetail's belly to feed." She instructed. Whitepaw nodded and gently nose the tiny kit to her mother.

Rosetail sniff her daughter before slumping into her nest, groaning again. Her body shook as another kit, this time biggre then the first one, fell into the nest. "Another one!" Riverdapple whispered. "It's a

big one this time," she meowed. "Another she-kit!" Echomist purred. She drew forward and begun licking the kit. Firestorm flick her tail, watching the scene quietly with widened eyes. Rockshade and Sagewhisker kept the eight kits at the end of the Nursery. Freezefire and her adopted kit Icekit padded outside of the Nursery to give Rosetail some space.

"This she-kit is a pale gray-and-white tabby," Echomist purred. She lift the kit up and brought it next to her daughter's belly, who was breathing hard. "One more, I think," Riverdapple meowed. Finally, the last bundle—the smallest of the three kits—fell into the moss. Riverdapple gently nudge the kit to Firestorm.

Firestorm stared at the kit for a while, before muttering. "What should I do?" "Lick the bundle, mouse-brain!" Whitepaw prodded her. Firestorm gently lick the kit. The sac felt slimy. "This is a dark brown female." Firestorm meowed. "You're doing great, Firestorm," Echomist praised her daughter. "You might be a mother one day." Firestorm shrugged and gently nudged the kit to her sister.

Rosetail breathe out a sigh of relief and love filled her eyes as she gave all of her daughters a gentle lick. "How is she?" Stormyheart push past the brambles of the Nursery. He had returned from his hunting patrol. "How is my daughter?" Echomist purred at the sight of her mate. "You have three granddaughters," Echomist rub affectionally against Stormyheart's dark gray pelt.

Stormyheart purred. He gentle nudge Rosetail, who was sleeping soundly already. "Well," Stormyheart meowed. "She can name the kits later." Riverdapple nodded. "Be careful not to disturb her." She warn the other kits. Sagewhisker and Rockshade sat down to block the view of the newborn kits. "Heard Riverdapple? She said to not disturb them."

Wolfkit hissed in annoyance. "We aren't disturbing them!" He squeaked. "You're blocking us from them!" "Shush!" Rockshade whispered. Riverdapple and Whitepaw begun to pad outside the the Nursery. "Call us when Rosetail wakes up," Riverdapple meowed behind her shoulder. "Sure," Echomist called back. Cougarheart padded into the Nursery. In her jaws were a mouse she caught

during Stormyheart's hunting patrol.

She dropped the mouse by her mother. Sagewhisker nuzzle her daughter. "Rosetail just gave birth," "Congratulations!" Cougarheart meowed to Rosetail, who was still sleeping. "I will come and visit them later." Cougarheart gave her best friend Rosetail a lick on her forehead before heading outside to find her father Reedwhisker. Firestorm purred. “The kits are beautiful,” Stormyheart nodded. “Yeah, they sure are,” Echomist lick Rosetail’s ear. “Who is the father of your kits?” She whispered. Rockshade turn her head. “I think it’s Mudstep.” She meowed. “He and Rosetail are always together.”

“No.” Sagewhisker narrowed her eyes. “I think it’s Sedgefoot. He has the same fur as the little dark brown she-kit.” “Don’t be silly. Sedgefoot already has a mate—Dawnsky.” “Wait! Maybe it’s Smokemist. He also has the same fur as the dark gray she-kit!” “Don’t make random guesses without knowing the truth!” Echomist meowed. While the queens gossip, Firestorm and her father padded out of the Nursery.

“Maybe Rosetail’s mate is Oakleaf.” Stormyheart guessed. “How do you know?” Firestorm asked her father. He shrugged. “Who knows? The father of her kits might be a rogue, a kittypet, or even from the other clans.” The dark gray warrior yawned.

“A SunClan kit was born three and a half seasons ago. His father is a DarkClan warrior and his mother is a SunClan queen. The kit— a half-clan kit— you might say, never survived. He was killed by his own mother.” Firestorm narrowed her eyes. “Killed?” She echoed. “Yes, killed.” Stormyheart nodded. “Well, that’s what Sunstar and his Clan told the gathering..”

“What happened to his parents?” Firestorm asked. But her father just shrugged. “The father took a new mate and had new kits, and as for the SunClan queen... she disappeared.” Firestorm stopped in her tracks. “Disappeared?” Firestorm gulped. “How can cats just disappear?” “Sunstar said so,” Her father replied, than padded towards the fresh-kill pile.

“Sunstar says that no half-clan kits are allowed, and the other leaders agree that if a half-clan kit is born, their parents are to be exiled, or killed, and their kits will be abandoned in Twoleg place.” The words struck Firestorm. She turn to look at Freezefire, playing with her adopted kit Icekit. Both of them had left the Nursery to give space for Rosetail. *Is Icekit half-clan?* Firestorm mumbled to herself as Freezefire shooed Icekit into the Nursery.

Chapter Eight (AniLovers)

I added Tigerflower and her four kits in here! A little bit longer then last time :3

Blazeheart

“Just stay still until the herb has dried onto your skin,” Brackenfur’s apprentice, Willowstripe, meowed. She press the herbs harder onto Owlfur’s right shoulder, while he muttered the story about losing his footing on the tree while guarding the camp at night. “Ouch!” the dark brown tom hissed.

He jumped up and shook the herbs off his right shoulder. Willowstripe hissed. “Lie down!” She poked Owlfur on his wounded shoulder with a paw. The tom yelped and hit his moss bedding. “Ow!” Owlfur growled. “What in StarClan is in this herb?” Willowstripe flicked her tail annoyingly.

“Comfrey mixed with stinging nettle.” Brackenfur entered the den. His golden coat that was shining under the sun was now covered by the shadows of the medicine den. Willowstripe rolled her eyes. “Why would you want to know, anyway?” The white tabby growled. “You aren’t even a medicine cat.”

Owlfur hissed softly. “Now lie down and stop wriggling like that or else your broken bone won’t heal properly!” Willowstripe press the herbs onto the tom’s shoulder again and Owlfur let out a small yelp. Brackenfur swipe a tongue over his muzzle. “I’m going to get some fresh-kill,” He gently tap his apprentice’s flank. “I’ll get you something, too.”

His apprentice yawned. “Thanks, Brackenfur.” She stretched, and padded to the herb store. “Go and eat. Then rest. I don’t want you to drop that herb, or even touch it. Make sure you don’t put too much pressure on that shoulder. Do you understand?” Owlfur stifled a yawn. “Whatever,” He growled.

Blazeheart open his eyes. He was the only cat in the Warriors' den. The ginger warrior yawned, stretched, and padded outside the den, blinking into the sunlight. "Blazeheart!" Sandwhisker leaped on him. "It's sun-high already and you've missed about seven patrols!"

"Sorry, Sandwhisker. I—" Blazeheart was interrupted by a yawn. "I was out hunting for prey yesterday night. I guess I was too tired.." Sandwhisker watch the deputy with narrowed eyes. "And you caught nothing?" The ginger warrior yawned. "No," He meowed sleepily. "It's leaf-bare, remember? The prey are all sleeping."

Sandwhisker rolled her eyes. "Then why did you go hunting in the middle of the night?" She flicked her tail annoyingly. "The Clan needs to be fed," Blazeheart simply replied to the Lead Warrior before walking past her and entering the medicine cat's den. "Hey Brackenfur," He meowed as he entered the den. "I need some-" Blazeheart's jaw drop as he saw Owlfur.

Owlfur looked up and growled at the deputy. "What do you want?" Blazeheart swallowed. Willowstripe glared up at the dark brown tom from the mouse Brackenfur had given her. Then she looked up to meet Blazeheart's gaze. "Yes?" The white medicine cat apprentice asked. "I was just asking.. if you have any 'awakening herbs'?" Blazeheart asked. He sat down and neatly wrap his tail around his paws.

Willowstripe started to laugh. "There's no such thing as an 'awakening herb'!" Brackenfur look up from his vole. He snorted at Willowstripe then turned back and begun to eat his vole again, devouring it within seconds. He then stood up and grab a leaf with the hint of scent of chamomile in it. Brackenfur laid it on the ground.

"Well we have strengthening herbs." The golden-brown medicine cat meowed, pushing the leaf in front of Blazeheart with his front paw. "What's in it?" He bend over and using his nose, nudge away the leaf that was covering the herbs. "Burnet, chamomile, daisy, and sorrel."

Brackenfur sniff. Then he padded outside the medicine cat's den. "I've to check on Birdsong. She's expecting any day now." Hearing his former, former mate's name, before Swiftrose, Owlfur hissed. Willowstripe held him down. "Don't even think about it," She whispered dangerously in his ear, and Owlfur stopped moving, still snarling.

"Thanks for the herbs," Blazeheart meowed, chewing them in his mouth. He tasted the juice of the herbs flow into his mouth, and felt strength coming back to his paws. "Bye!" As Blazeheart finished swallowing the last herb, Brackenfur rushed past him and stopped in front of the herb store. "Brackenfur, what's wrong?" Willowstripe asked her mentor.

The medicine cat didn't reply and grab borage leaves, along with a stick. Then he looked up and said "Birdsong's kitting!" before dashing out of the den again. Owlfur let out a hiss. Willowstripe rushed after her mentor, only to stop at the entrance and meowed to Blazeheart "Make sure he doesn't get the dressing off!" before running off to the Nursery.

Silence filled the air for a few seconds. Owlfur stare at Blazeheart, making him uncomfortable. Then after a while, he speaks. "Stop staring at me, Owlfur," The dark brown tom just sneered. "You weren't really hunting yesterday night, were you?" Blazeheart looked up. "What?" "I said," Owlfur stretch his neck so his face was half a mouse-length away from Blazeheart's nose.

"You weren't really hunting yesterday night, were you?" Blazeheart's blood froze. "I was," Blazeheart whispered. "Ye-" "Blazeheart! Birdsong had just given birth to two kits. She calls for you." Tigerflower, one of the queens, padded into the medicine den. "The kits are beautiful." she purred, flicking her tail towards the direction of the Nursery. Blazeheart stood up. "I'm coming." he nodded.

Then he padded to the Nursery. "Birdsong?" Blazeheart called softly. "Gingergaze? I'm here." His cream-colored friend looked up, and Blazeheart spotted tiredness and love in Birdsong's eyes. "Aren't they beautiful?" Birdsong whispered, gently nuzzling her

two newborn kits. They whimpered helplessly as Gingergaze, their father, slowly nudge them towards Birdsong's belly to feed.

Blazeheart spotted some borage leaves by the queen. "This ginger-and-brown-tabby's fur looks like a fox's pelt," Birdsong observed, sniffing her son. "That's his name, then," Gingergaze purred. "Foxkit, in memory of my mother Foxtail and because he looks like a fox." He nuzzle his mate's ear affectionately. "And this pale cream tabby?" Blazeheart murmured. "How about Creamkit?" Gingergaze meowed.

"No.. no.. that name is too common.." Birdsong thought for awhile. Then she purred. "Blazeheart. You're my best friend since apprentice hood. So I will give you the honor of choosing my daughter's name." Blazeheart flick his tail. He looked up to see Swiftrose, her tail wrapped around her two kits Dawnkit and Graykit.

Swiftrose was smiling sadly as she mouth the words, "Birdkit". Blazeheart gave the queen a small nod and turn to Birdsong. "This kit shall be Birdkit, in memory of you, Birdsong." Then the ginger deputy gently lick the kit. Birdkit let out a tiny, little mew, her eyes still closed. Gingergaze and Birdsong purred together, rubbing each other's shoulder.

Tigerflower padded into the Nursery. Her four kits Lilykit, Wavekit, Cloudkit, and Flowerkit ran up towards her to meet her. "Tigerflower! Tigerflower! I am going to teach Birdsong's kits when they are older!" Lilykit, the oldest of Tigerflower's litter, mew in her high-pitched voice, her fluffy gray pelt bristling. "No, I will!" Wavekit, her brother squeaked. His blue eyes sparkled and his silver pelt ruffled. Suddenly their two litter mates Cloudkit and Flowerkit, started arguing with them. "Quiet!" Blazeheart whispered. Tigerflower sighs and shooed her kits out.

As Blazeheart stepped outside of the Nursery, he heard a loud squeal. "Blaaaazeheaaaart! Oh, Blaaazeheaaart!" Blazeheart turned around and his jaw dropped. He groaned. Tawnyfur was rushing towards him, calling him loudly by his name that every cat in the clearing stopped at what they were doing and watched with

laughter in their eyes. Blazeheart flinched at the sight of her, then scurried out of camp, drawing a cloud of snow behind him.

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Chapter Nine (Chocorose and Icestorm18)

I kinda mentioned Freezefire, Icekit, and Cougarheart in this chapter. I'm so sorry it took so long >< I got back into gaming hehe. ^^"

Firestorm

“This dark brown she-kit shall be Poppykit, because of her dark brown tabby fur.” Firestorm purred with delight as she watch her sister drew her tongue over her last-born kit’s head. “Mistkit, Hailkit, and Poppykit.” Echomist purred. “They are perfect names, especially Hailkit! She even looks a bit like me,” Rosetail looks up and smiled weakly at her mother.

“Firestorm..” She whispered as she turn to face her sister. “Can I talk to you alone?” Firestorm nodded. “Okay.” Rosetail stood up weakly. Making sure her three kits were fast asleep, she and Firestorm padded behind the Nursery. Echomist took Rosetail’s place and gentle nuzzle the kits near her belly for warmth.

“Firestorm..” Rosetail begun. Firestorm flinched as her sister gentle brush her tail on her shoulder. “Look, I know you might think that my kits’ father is not MistyClan.” Firestorm stare at her sister. “Are they?” She whispered, not meeting her gaze. Rosetail sighed.

“They’re–” Right at that moment, Smokemist padded towards them. “Your mother asked you to go back to your kits,” The smokey dark gray tom grumbled. “She says that you need to learn about motherhood more. Go feed them. They’re hungry.”

Rosetail dipped her head. As Firestorm and Rosetail padded inside the Nursery, Firestorm whispered to her, “Smokemist is the father of your kits, isn’t he?” If her sister heard her, Rosetail was doing a pretty good job pretending as if she didn’t hear her. Their mother look up, smiling. “My granddaughters..” She purred, looking back at

Rosetail's three daughters.

Echomist than stood up, padding over towards Sagewhisker and the other two queens, who were still arguing about the father of Mistkit, Hailkit, and Poppykit. The eight kits — Silverkit, Hazelkit, Snowykit, Wolfkit, Eaglekit, Sagekit, Tinykit, and Nettlekit, were already fast asleep between the two queens. Freezefire and Icekit were still playing outside, and once in a while Firestorm could hear Icekit squeaking happily while playing with her mother.

Rosetail lay her head down next to her paws, where they were curled around the kits. "Sleep tight, my kits," Firestorm heard her sister whisper. She watched her sister close her eyes then silently padded out of the Nursery, blinking into the sunlight. "You've missed the patrols again!" Reedwhisker snapped, blocking her path.

"Where were you?" He questioned, eyes narrowed. "I.. I was.." Firestorm stammered. "She was visiting Rosetail." Stormyheart padded towards them. "Rosetail had just given birth to three kits and Firestorm just wanted to see if her sister was alright." The deputy frowned. "How's Sagewhisker and my kits?"

"Their fine," Firestorm meowed brightly, then quietly meowing "They're still scared of you because of your snapping yesterday" under her breath. "Firestorm," The dark brown tabby meowed. "Since you didn't go on any patrols yet.. I want you to lead five hunting patrols before night falls." Reedwhisker paused to flick some snow off his paw.

"Then lead the evening patrol after that." Firestorm's jaw dropped. "You're not serious, aren't you?" She gasp. "Lead the patrols without resting?" "That's mouse-brained," Her father growled. "She hasn't even eaten yet!" "That's for the absence of the patrols," Reedwhisker meowed calmly. "Now go join that hunting patrol over there," The deputy flick his tail towards Thornheart and three apprentices ; Stonepaw, Pebblepaw, and Bramblepaw.

"Remember," Reedwhisker rasp. "This is the apprentices' final assessment, and I want you and Thornheart to assess them. Including Stonepaw, my apprentice. Now go." Firestorm nodded and ran towards the four waiting cats. "Let's go," Tornheart

mumbled, as he push through the ferns that covered the entrance of the camp.

Firestorm glance back to see her father arguing with the deputy. Cougarheart then came padding towards them, asking what was the matter. Then, without looking back, Firestorm ran after the patrol. She slowed her pace as she padded slowly next to Thornheart. The apprentices were bouncing with excitement. “This is our final assessment before we become warriors!” Pebblepaw, Thornheart’s apprentice, purred.

His brother Stonepaw fluffed his gray fur. “I bet I will catch the most fresh-kill!” Bramblepaw huffed annoyingly and puffed out her chest. “No, I will catch the most!” While the apprentices argued, Thornheart turned to Firestorm.

“Why does Reedwhisker send us to assess his apprentice when we already have our own?” He growled softly, so the apprentices couldn’t hear him. Firestorm flicked an ear. “Let’s just get on with it,” She muttered. “Never argue with Reedwhisker. He’s the deputy.” The crankiest! Firestorm thought as she led the chatty apprentices towards the Misty Rock.

Chapter Ten

So sorry about the late update and the short chapter! I kinda ran out of ideas for Forbidden Love because all the ideas I have thought about before writing this book sounded wierd after I wrote the first nine chapters!
I was thinking of putting this book on hold but I wanna finish writing this book before completing Sunstar's History! So I WILL continue on writing more chapters, but give me time! I suck at idea-makings!!! Oh and I won't be mentioning any people in this chapter cuz I rushed to upload before I go to sleep!

ENJOY, WARRIOR CAT FANS!
Blazeheart

Blazeheart's pelt brush against brambles as he ran out of camp. He saw the familiar tree stump, ran a few trees past, then jumped up and sank his claws on the soft bark of his secret hideout above the oak tree. He started climbing up furiously, biting his lip whenever a branch scrapes his pelt.

When his paws felt the rim of the owl hole, Blazeheart jumped in and panted. He fell onto his nest of moss and feathers, still panting as he heard the muffled voices of Tawnyfur and Sootfeather. "Blazeheart! Where are you? It's Bearpaw's and Stormpaw's warrior ceremony!" Blazeheart closed his eyes and fell asleep.

When he opened them, he realized he had slept for a very long time. Instead of seeing the bright sun, the darkness of the night greeted him. Blazeheart jumped down from the owl hole, desperate to get back to his Clan, worrying that they had sent out patrols to look for him.

Blazeheart let out a yelp as he landed on the ground. He heard a tiny crack, and knew that he had sprained his left paw. Blazeheart groaned in pain, limping towards the shelter of another tree few

trees away, instead of his tree. He knew that his clanmates would look up to see how far Blazeheart had fell from the ground and spot his secret owl hole.

Blazeheart blacked out. When he awoke, again, he found himself in the shadows of Brackenfur's den. He blinked, adjusting his gaze as he makes out the shapes of a pale tortoiseshell and a fluffy brown pelt...

"Blazeheart! You're okay!" Oh, great, Blazeheart grumbled as the tortoiseshell pelt rub against his side. Anyone but Tawnyfur! "How is your left paw?" The tawny she-cat whispered, eyeing his paw that was covered with a leaf. "It's fine," Blazeheart snapped, whirling away from her. "Never better."

He looked up to see her apprentice, Bearpaw, standing by the entrance of the den. "She stills moons over you, I see." He sneered, flicking his tail. "Bearpaw," Blazeheart sniffed. "Bearpaw?" The brown tom growled. "Please, I'm not Bearpaw anymore! I'm Bearclaw, now, if you don't mind."

"Bearclaw?" Blazeheart whispered. I must've missed Bearpaw and Stormpaw's warrior ceremony! "What's wrong?" Bearclaw sat down, still sneering at him. "What's your brother's new name?" Bearclaw's face fell. "It doesn't matter now," He grumbled, padding out of the den.

"What's with your former apprentice?" Blazeheart turn to face Tawnyfur. The she-cat just shrugged, not meeting his gaze. Blazeheart could see hurt in her eyes. "Bearclaw's brother Stormpaw—now Stormgaze— has a better warrior name than him.." Blazeheart narrowed his eyes. "So he's jealous?" Tawnyfur shrugged again.

"Now Bearclaw gets angry just when he sees his brother!" Tawnyfur called over her shoulder. Blazeheart blinked. He tried to stand up, but felt a strong pain on his paw. "You must rest if you ever want to walk again," Brackenfur mumbled. The medicine cat yawned, showing his two, blunt fangs.

“I didn’t see you..” Blazeheart lay down and sniff his herb-smelling paw. “I was in the shadows,” The medicine cat replied. “Rest.” The golden tom padded away, leaving Blazeheart alone. Blazeheart place his chin over his paws and felt his eyelids drop a thought swirled in his mind.

How am I supposed to meet Firestorm with a sprained paw?

Chapter Eleven

Once again, I'm SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SOOOOOOOOOO sorry for the long wait! There's something wrong with my Wattpad update thing and this is like the HUNDRENTH time I'm updating! I did not add people's cat characters in this chapter because this one is about three apprentices' warrior assesment!

Enjoy~

Firestorm

"Meet us back here after catching your prey," Firestorm meowed sternly to the apprentices. "Okay, Firestorm!" Whitepaw meowed. Pebblepaw and Bramblepaw nodded. Then they ran off. "Right," Thornheart meowed. "I'll see you here later," The gray warrior padded away.

Firestorm yawned. She blinked a few times before crouching down and concentrating the ground movement. Nothing. Firestorm felt no movement for a while, before a heavy thump caught her attention. Firestorm open her mouth slowly, and taste the scent of a rabbit.

It must be an old or fat rabbit, Firestorm thought, narrowing her eyes, hoping to catch a glimpse of her prey. The thump is heavy. Firestorm let her claws slide out, hearing the thump getting closer to her. Firestorm leap up, yowling, as she pinned her prey down. It is a rabbit.

A fat, old, gray rabbit. The rabbit was startled and tried to wriggle free, but Firestorm sank her teeth in its neck and only let go when she felt the rabbit go limp. Firestorm stood up and purred. She open her jaw and let the rabbit fall to the forest floor.

"This is a great catch," Firestorm meowed to herself, flicking her tail. "Leaf-bare's getting harsh," Huh? Firestorm perked her ears. "I can't find any prey at all!" Firestorm lay low. The dark gray pelt of

Stonepaw's fur was hardly spotted in the mist. "But I can," Firestorm's apprentice Bramblepaw padded beside him, her white fur visible.

"Me too," Their brother Pebblepaw meowed. He stopped and drop his prey, a squirrel, onto the ground. "It's hard!" Stonepaw grumbled, eyeing his sister's fat vole. "Did you use your paws?" Stonepaw rolled his eyes. "Yes!" Pebblepaw swipe his tongue over his muzzle. "You need to hear the vibration.." "Yes, I know!" Stonepaw grumbled in annoyance. "I guess I won't be a warrior, then.."

"But, Stonepaw! You know what? I'll give you my vole, okay? I'll catch another one!" Bramblepaw nudge her vole towards her brother. "Thanks Bramblepaw," Stonepaw whispered, smiling. Firestorm narrowed her eyes. So Stonepaw and Bramblepaw are cheating? She thought.

"I'll teach you, okay?" Bramblepaw nudge her brother. Stonepaw nodded. "Okay," He and Pebblepaw crouch down. Firestorm watch her apprentice, blinking non-stop. The apprentice leap and pinned a vole down. "See? Like this!" Bramblepaw finished the vole with a killing bite. Firestorm felt happiness lit in her while watching her apprentice.

She sure has taught the white she-cat well! "Let's go," Stonepaw meowed. His two litter mates nodded and padded to the spot where they were suppose to meet. Firestorm stood up and padded over to where they were, dragging her rabbit along. "Good job, the three of you," She heard Thornheart congratulate the apprentices.

"Hey," Firestorm appeared next to him, dropping her rabbit. "That's a huge fresh-kill," Thornheart observed. "I think it's time the apprentices have their warrior names.." Tornheart purred behind his mouse. "Let's get back and tell Mistystar." The three apprentices purred. "Yes! Yes!" They squealed in delight, bouncing after Tornheart.

Firestorm narrowed her eyes at Stonepaw. She is the only one who knows that vole isn't his. It was given to him by her apprentice!

“Wait.” Firestorm drop her rabbit. “Stonepaw, Bramblepaw, come here please.” The two apprentices glance at each other before facing her. Thornheart flick an ear.

“Thornheart, take your apprentice Pebblepaw back to camp. I need to speak with these two apprentices.. alone.” Tornheart nodded towards her. “Okay. Come along now Pebblepaw.” His apprentice nodded, flashing an awkward glance towards his litter mates, before padding after his mentor.

“So,” Firestorm sat down, facing the two apprentices with her icy green eyes. “That’s a nice catch, Stonepaw,” Firestorm turn her gaze towards him. The apprentice shrink under her watch. “Y-yes..” Stonepaw whispered. His sister bit her lip. “Firestorm, Stonepaw caught his prey by himself!” Bramblepaw pleaded.

“Bramblepaw,” Firestorm meowed to her white apprentice. “If you really say so, then how about we watch Stonepaw catch his a other prey? Is that okay with you, Stonepaw?” Firestorm swipe her tongue over her muzzle. Stonepaw didn’t say a word. “Well, Stonepaw?” Stonepaw look up. “Okay, okay,” He whispered.

“Bramblepaw?” Firestorm turn towards her apprentice, who was sulking. “Take the two voles and go back to camp. I need to speak to Stonepaw alone now.” Bramblepaw dip her head. “Yes, Firestorm,” She whispered, her head down. She carried the two voles and ran after Thornheart and Pebblepaw.

“Come on, Stonepaw,” Firestorm twitch her tail. “Hunt.” “I can’t, alright?” The gray apprentice yowl. “I can’t! I just can’t hunt like you!” Firestorm was taken aback. “And why not? Why can’t you hunt, Stonepaw?” She meowed, trying to keep her voice calm.

“I just can’t! It’s all Reedwhisker’s fault! He is so old he can’t teach me right!” He growled. “And I know Mistystar won’t make me a warrior! I just know it!” “You know what, Stonepaw?” Firestorm meowed. “I’ll just say you that you hunted my rabbit.” Stonepaw looked up. “Really? Thanks!” He purred. “Let’s get back now. I bet the whole clan is waiting for you to become a full warrior of MistyClan.”

I will try to update Sunstar's History tomorrow. =_= It's soooo late now >.<

Chapter Twelve

Heya guys ;) To make up for the long wait, I've decieded to upload this chapter! Enjoy!

Blazeheart

Blazeheart yawned, watching Tawnyfur grooming herself under the shadows of the medicine cat's den. Why can't Blazeheart find a she-cat in the clan? Why does it have to be Firestorm, the beauty of MistyClan?

As Blazeheart flicked an ear, he let out a big sigh. "Blazeheart!" Blazeheart sat up. "Yes?" In front of Blazeheart was his former and his very first apprentice—the young she-cat Duskpelt. "What is it?" "How's your paw?" Blazeheart's former apprentice drop a pale ginger squirrel in front of him.

"Good, I guess.." Blazeheart mumbled, sniffing the fresh-kill. "You hunt well," He observed, and Duskpelt's green eyes shone with pride. "Well I couldn't have a better mentor," she purred, fluffing her pale orange-and-white pelt.

Blazeheart shrugged, pushing the squirrel towards her. "Prey's scarce," he replied, hoping the she-cat would drag the kill away to share with her sister, Dapplenose. But instead, the she-cat stubbornly nudge it back. "You must eat, Blazeheart," she urged, lashing her tail.

"You need to recover." "It's leaf-bare, Duskpelt. Leaf-bare is when the prey's the most scarce and the clan gets weak–" "Don't be mouse-brain, Blazeheart," Duskpelt shift her paws. "You need to eat.. you need to recover." Blazeheart grumbled. "The clan needs their deputy to recover!" "The clan is to be fed first, or have you forgotten?"

The young she-cat flinched at the deputy's hot gaze. "But–" "No.

Buts.” Blazeheart hissed. “Elders and queens are fed first.” He pushed in. “Fine.” Duskpelt snapped back hotly. “I’ll leave it here for Brackenfur and his apprentice! At least they’ll eat it.” Duskpelt shuffled away, growling under her breath, lashing her tail.

“I heard that!” Blazeheart snapped. The she-cat turn to face him, eyes narrowing, before disappearing into the warriors’ den. Blazeheart grumbled. “This leaf-bare is so harsh.” Something twinkled in Duskpelt’s squirrel. Blazeheart narrowed his eyes.

‘By the warmth of the sun, a birth will approach three moons after the big storm. Blaze would watch proudly as four new lives are born to Fire’s clan, watching over them until his very last breath. The second kit would be Blazekit, who controls the anger inside of her, letting it go only when she fights for her clan.’

Blazeheart blinked. Who said that? He tried standing up, only to fall back down on the ground. Willowstripe padded into the medicine den, her mouth filled with marigold. “It’s really lucky to find lots of marigold in leaf-bare.” The pale gray tabby meowed between the clutches of marigold.

Seeing Blazeheart turning and yelling, she drop the bundle and rushed to the deputy’s side. “Blazeheart! Blazeheart! What’s wrong?” Blazeheart yowled, turning away from her. “Voice... in... my... head!” “Do you need thyme?” Willowstripe ran to the herb storage and grab the green herb.

“Here, eat!” The medicine cat apprentice push the herb in front of him. Blazeheart yowled as he tried to swallow the herb. He finally calmed down and looked exhausted. Willowstripe let out a sigh of relief and gave him two poppy seeds to sleep. “You need it,” she mumbled, as Blazeheart lick the seeds up and felt his vision start to blur.

Chapter Thirteen

Chapter Thirteen

“I name you Brambleberry.” When Mistystar rested her muzzle on Firestorm’s former apprentice, Firestorm felt nothing but joy swell inside her. Meanwhile Brambleberry’s two brothers, Pebblefur and Stonebounce, were standing proudly beside her.

“Brambleberry! Pebblefur! Stonebounce!” The clan chanted. Tornheart purred. “Now that we have no apprentices to mentor, we can mentor another one!” he joked, looking at his former apprentice Pebblefur, with pride. The three newly-named warriors jumped down from the high-rock and purred loudly, looking around as their clanmates greeted them by their new names.

Reedwhisker, the deputy and Stonebounce’s former mentor, grunted and padded away, not even bothering to share tongues with Stonebounce. “He’s getting old,” Riverdapple’s silvery pelt shone under the sun. “He will resign, sooner or later,” Firestorm turned around to see the medicine cat talking to Mistystar.

The leader sighed and meowed back a reply. “I know that,” the blue-gray she-cat mew. “But a spark is growing..” Riverdapple whispered. Mistystar’s ears perked. “What? A spark is growing..?” “There is going to be a great storm,” The medicine cat ignored the leader. “A storm so fierce, that MistyClan will grieve for the loss of their two queens and four kits.”

Firestorm gasp. By now, all the warriors had gone to do their patrols. “What do you mean MistyClan will grieve for the loss of their two queens and four kits?!” Mistystar questioned. Riverdapple flick her tail. “The storm..” The medicine cat trailed off. Mistystar suddenly roared. She had caught sight of Firestorm’s ginger pelt and called her.

“Firestorm! Come here at once.” Firestorm ran towards her leader and the medicine cat, whose blue eyes were icy with sadness.

“Double the brambles that covers the Nursery. After adding the brambles to the Nursery, add them to the other dens. And double the guard for the storm!” Firestorm perked her ears. “But the clan is weak,” she protested, unaware of her leader’s anger growing by the second.

“Leaf-bare brings less prey–” “Are you disobeying me?” The blue-gray leader snarled. “That is an order! Do as I say right now. Send out a few hunting patrols for the stock up of the fresh-kill pile incase the storm comes earlier!” Firestorm dip her head and ran to the warriors’ den.

“I need three hunting patrols right away, and two patrols to build more brambles on the Nursery for more cover!” she yelled. The cats blink open their eyes, staring at Firestorm with curiosity. “Why?” Smokemist grumbled. “Riverdapple had a vision,” Firestorm called out. Her voice echoed around the walls of the den.

“She said that there is going to be a storm and..” “And what?” Thrushwing grunted as he stood up. “A storm that will wipe out the whole clan?” Firestorm ignored the light brown tom. “A storm, a blizzard that MistyClan will grieve the lives of their two of our queens and four kits’ lives!” After Firestorm was finished, the whole den erupted with tension from her clanmates.

“Let’s hunt!” Sedgefoot yelled. “Brambleberry, Mudstep, and Dawnsky will come with me.” “Thrushwing– you will go with Pebblefur and Nightbreeze,” Firestorm meowed, glaring at him.“I will go with Stormyheart and Cloudmist.” Nettlesplash offered, and Firestorm wondered if he was thinking about his mate Rockshade and their daughter Nettlekit.

“And I shall add more brambles with Oakleaf, Stonebounce, Smokemist, Thornheart, and Lilacpool. The queens will help, too, and the medicine cats will gather as much herbs as they can before the storm hits.” Firestorm meowed. “Go!” Every cat sprang up from their nest and ran to do what they were told to. Reedwhisker stood on his nest, narrowing his eyes at Firestorm. “I am the deputy,” the dark brown tom hissed. “I get to do what I wan-”

Firestorm snarled. “Do as I say,” she bared her fangs. “Do you want

Sagewhisker and your three kits to die?" At the name of his mate, Reedwhisker growled. He finally padded out of the den after giving Firestorm the cold shoulder. As Firestorm ran outside the den to get brambles to cover the Nursery, a frail voice cracked behind her.

"What are we supposed to do, then?" Firestorm turned around. Behind her were the three elders of Mistyclan; Pineclaw, his mate Minnowstream, and Lilacstorm, Pineclaw's sister. "Get as much moss as you can," Firestorm thought hard. It wasn't easy to tell an elder what to do. They were always cranky.

"That is an apprentice's job!" Lilacstorm croaked, her brown fur ruffled. "We are not–" "Enough," Pineclaw's yellow eyes flared. "We need to do whatever it takes to help the clan," "Yes, he is right," Minnowstream agreed. "Let's just do what Firestorm says." The old gray she-cat blinked at her granddaughter. Firestorm dip her head, mumbling thanks. "Come on," Pineclaw led the two she-cat elders to a sheltered rock wall nearby the camp. "We can get lots of moss over there.."

"Firestorm!" Firestorm turned around, surprised to see Sedgefoot and Dawnsky, their eyes filled with worry. "What's the matter, now?" Firestorm sighed. "Aren't you suppose to be hunting with Brambleberry and Mudstep?" The cream-colored she-cat took a step closer to the Lead Warrior, her green eyes quivering with fear and excitement.

"I'm expecting Sedgefoot's kits."

Chapter Fourteen

Woop! Woop! Two chapters in a day, kiddies~

Chapter Fourteen

“Blazeheart, you were a great mentor to Duskpelt. She has become a loyal warrior. Now I trust you again to pass your greatness and skills to your new apprentice—Dawnpaw.” Blazeheart watch his leader rest his muzzle on the she-cat’s head. After they broke apart, the newly named apprentice jumped down from the high rock and touched noses with him.

Blazeheart gave his new apprentice a nod. Dawnpaw’s sister, Graypaw, was standing beside her new mentor Bearclaw. “Oh, before everyone goes, there is something I want to tell the Clan.” Sunstar called out as many cats turn to face him again. As Swiftrose jumped up and sat next to Sunstar, Blazeheart heard a hiss behind him.

“She has no right to be up there,” Owlfur snarled. “Doesn’t mean she is Sunstar’s mate means that she gets to go up there!” Blazeheart huffed and sigh. “I am no longer the mate of Owlfur, anymore,” Swiftrose’s shrill mew echoed around camp. “Sunstar is now my mate.”

The clan was erupted with meows of confusion. Blazeheart turned around and noticed that Owlfur showed no emotion, even though his claws were unsheathed. “Yes,” Swiftrose meowed to Sunstar, who was nodding. “Dawnpaw and Graypaw are his kits, and not Owlfur’s kits.” Dawnpaw and Graypaw’s mouth were hanging. They couldn’t believe it!

“What about Bearclaw and Stormpaw?” A cat yowled from the back of the gathering. “Are they Sunstar’s, too?” “No!” this time, Owlfur yowled. “They are my kits. Swiftrose is a coward to not tell me about Dawnpaw and Graypaw after they were born,” he growled at

the newly-made apprentices, and Dawnpaw shrank behind Blazeheart, who snarled protectively at Owlfur.

“They have nothing to do with this,” Sunstar growled from the high-rock. “Swiftrose and I have been secretly meeting each other for a moon,” Sunstar admitted. “What?” Owlfur snarled. He leaped up the high-rock beside Sunstar. With a push of his mighty broad shoulders, Owlfur sent Sunstar and Swiftrose down from the high-rock.

Swiftrose let out a piercing yowl as she hit the ground, and Sunstar landed on his shoulder. A soft crack was heard and Brackenfur and Willowstripe hurried over to them, their jaws filled with herbs. “Owlfur! Get down from there!” Sandwhisker hissed.

The pale ginger Lead Warrior snarled at the brown tom. Brackenfur looked up and flattened his ears at Owlfur, his teeth baring a soundless snarl. Blazeheart stood up. “Owlfur,” He snarled. “Get down from there right now.” Blazeheart bared his fangs. “You’ve just injured our leader and his mate. Get. Down. Right. Now.” But Owlfur didn’t move.

“H-half-clan..!” Sunstar whispered weakly. The whole clan gasp. “Half-clan?” Blazeheart blinked. “Owlfur.. is half-clan,” Sunstar meowed as he push himself up, balancing himself on a paw, while the rest of his body was on the ground. “His mother was the traitorous she-cat who attack his father and killed his brother.”

Sunstar look up to face Owlfur, whose eyes were widened. “What?” Gasps could be heard around the two cats. Sunstar bowed his head. “I shouldn’t had let him stay and become ambitious like his mother. I know. I was wrong.” He whispered. Owlfur narrowed his eyes. “Well let me tell you something, Sunstar, and cats of SunClan.” Owlfur jumped down from the high-rock. “My mother is Rainfur, yes, and my father is Shadefoot of DarkClan.”

So sorry its short, again..

Chapter Fifteen

Chapter 15

“You can’t be!” Firestorm gasp at the cream-pelt she-cat. “Haven’t you heard?” Firestorm’s claws unsheathed. “There’s a storm coming and–” “If you don’t think about it, then it wouldn’t happen,” Sedgefoot, Dawnsky’s mate, retorted sourly. Even though he was trying to hide his fear, Firestorm could see it in his eyes.

“Since she’s expecting, can she do the repairing instead of the hunting?” “Fine,” Firestorm sighed. “Then it looks like someone has to take your place..” she scan around and spotted the pale gray pelt of Lilacpool. “Lilacpool!” Firestorm called towards the she-cat, who was trying to push a pile of bramble thorns to the Nursery.

“Yes, Firestorm?” the she-cat ran towards her. “Can you please go hunting and leave your pile of brambles over there? I will tend to it later. Dawnsky will replace you.” Lilacpool dip her head and ran out of camp. She was the mother of Whitepaw, Stonebounce, Pebblefur, and Brambleberry, and Firestorm clearly didn’t forget how protective she is over her kits when they were just kits, suckling from her seconds after they were born. Lilacpool is a very fierce she-cat when it comes to protecting kits.

Like Firestorm’s sister Rosetail, her kits’ father is unknown. Firestorm flick her ears. Yes, I need to see my sister on how well she is doing! Firestorm ran towards Lilacpool’s brambles and carefully push it to the Nursery. When she was close enough, using her paws, Firestorm quickly and swiftly, also being careful at the same time, lift the brambles up and covered the top of the Nursery.

Now the Nursery is twice as strong as before, Firestorm thought as she padded into the Nursery. Squeals were heard around the Nursery as Firestorm duck her head under the entrance of the Nursery. “Rosetail? Echomist?” Firestorm called gently for her sister and mother. Her mother and Rockshade, another queen, were nowhere to be seen.

Firestorm thought she had seen them padding out of camp after she gave orders to the clan. Sagewhisker look up from gazing at her three kits, who were fast asleep with Sagewhisker's soft tail wrap around their bodies. Firestorm realized how huge they are for the Nursery. They'll be apprentices soon, Firestorm thought.

She focused her eyes in the darkness of the Nursery and noticed her four litter-mates Silverkit, Hazelkit, Snowykit, and Wolfkit playing moss-ball with Rockshade's only kit—Nettlekit. "Firestorm," Sagewhisker dip her head. "Your mother and Rockshade went out of camp to get more brambles for the Nursery. I stayed here to take care of your sister and the rest of the kits,"

Firestorm gave the white queen a nod, before padding over to her sister and lying down next to her. Her sister blinked. "Firestorm?" she whispered. Firestorm thought she heard fear in her sister's voice. "What will happen if my kits and I die?" "That will never happen unless you think about it," Firestorm murmured in Rosetail's ear.

Rosetail flick her dark red tail, the white tip twitching. "But Riverdapple said that two queens and four kits will lose their lives!" Rosetail whimpered, laying her head on her paws and wrapping her three kits with her tail. "I might be one of the queens and my kits might be three of the four kits!"

"Nonsense!" This time, Sagewhisker, who was listening to the sisters' conversation, replied. "StarClan isn't that cruel!" she raise her tail. "Oh, yeah?" Rosetail snapped back. "If StarClan isn't cruel, then why would they take the lives of two queens and four kits' lives?" "But it didn't happen!" Firestorm mew, desperate to keep her sister at bay.

"Yet," her dark creamy red sister growled. "StarClan is cruel and stupid!" Firestorm just shook her head in despair. If her sister doesn't want to listen to her, then let her be. "Well," she meowed as she stood up. "I'd better go and gather more brambles,"

Chapter Sixteen

Chapter 16

“We must kill him!” Frostyheart gasp, her tail raised in alarm. “She’s right.” Sootfeather meowed, eyeing Owlfur with hostility. “We must kill him, no matter what. His birth shouldn’t have even happen.” Duskpelt and Dapplenose pressed into each other in fear, while Sweetbriar huddled closer to her two kits Fishpaw and Morningpaw.

“Let me speak!” A voice croaked. All eyes turn to stare at the elder Flameleap, her once smooth dark ginger pelt looked as if it hadn’t been groomed for days and her yellow eyes burned. “You mustn’t kill this cat,” The elder pointed with her tail towards Owlfur. “I watched how he was treated by my kits after I adopted him.

“He became evil of how he was treated because of where his parents came from and his mother’s crimes!” Flameleap explained that she was the queen who adopted Owlfur after Rainfur left SunClan. She raised him with three of her own kits—Brackenfur, Sandwhisker, and Birdsong, who did not remember about Rainfur.

They were told that Rainfur was a brutal, selfish cat but nobody told them that she had a kit. They were too young to remember anyway, and no cat made a move to tell them at all. Until now. Sunstar narrowed an eye. “First,” he meowed as he got up. “Swiftrose and I”—he paused to nose her up—“will get some treatment from Brackenfur and Willowstripe. Then we will have a discussion with Flameleap..”

The leader paused again, scanning the crowd. “Swiftrose, Blazeheart, Sandwhisker, Brackenfur, Sootfeather, and.. Birdsong.” As Birdsong stood up, she flash a look of uncertainty towards the Nursery. Gingergaze, her mate, gently nuzzle her flank. “Don’t worry,” Blazeheart heard him whisper in her ear. “Our kits will be safe.” Blazeheart padded over to his leader, who was licking Swiftrose’s muzzle.

Swiftrose moaned in pain. “My leg feels stiff,” she mumbled to Willowstripe, who was tending to the she-cat. “You’re lucky,” The white medicine cat meowed to her. “It’s not broken, but sprained badly.” Swiftrose nodded. “Are you still in shock?” Willowstripe ask her.

Swiftrose nodded again, her dark eyes blinking at the medicine cat. “I’ll give you dandelion later,” Willowstripe meowed. “First I will get you some comfrey for your sprained paw. Then I’ll give you chamomile with dandelion for your strength and the pain will go away.” The queen sighed. “Okay, Willowstripe, thanks.” she mewed softly, eyeing Owlfur, who was staring at the leader Sunstar with a hostile glare, eyes full of pure hatred.

Brackenfur was treating him. Sunstar’s shoulder had a ripped cut that was coated with dust. “Dandelion needed for a painkiller.. horsetail for the wound..” the golden medicine cat mumbled. “Are you done yet?” Sunstar asked, licking his paw. “When you fell, you hit a rock that caused your injury. You also sprained your shoulder.” The medicine cat chewed horsetail and licked the juice onto the leader’s shoulder.

“Keep still!” Brackenfur snapped when Sunstar flinched. Brackenfur tap his tail tip on the ground. “Willowstripe!” he called to his apprentice without looking up. “Get me dandelion. Now.” His apprentice growl. “Alright, I’m going! You don’t have to snap at me all the time! You can just ask properly!”

“Calm down,” Swiftrose whispered. “And do your job.” Willowstripe grumbled. “Whatever,” she hissed and ran to the medicine den to get the herb. Blazeheart flick his tail on his new apprentice’s nose. Dawnpaw, the cream-pelt she-cat, was eyeing her mother Swiftrose with great concern in her eyes.

“Mother?” “She’ll be fine,” Blazeheart promised. “Okay, since Sunstar and Swiftrose are busy, why don’t I show you how to collect moss for nests? You and your sister—” he pointed his nose to Graypaw, Dawnpaw’s gray-coated sister. “—need to build your own nests in the apprentices’ den.”

“Okay,” Dawnpaw mumbled, not taking her eyes off her mother.

Graypaw ran up to her. “I’m worried about Swiftrose!” she whispered to her. Bearclaw, her mentor, grumbled. “She is my mother, too.” He sighed. “Come, Graypaw. Let’s collect moss for your nest!” The fluffy, brown tom led his apprentice out of camp.

“Can we follow?” Dawnpaw asked. Blazeheart gave his apprentice a nod. “Sunstar and Swiftrose have already recovered since a few moments ago. Follow Bearclaw and Graypaw. I need to attend the discussion. Later, I will teach you how to hunt.” His apprentice’s eyes shone and she ran after her sister.

Blazeheart padded towards his leader and his mate. “Call Flameleap, Sandwhisker, Sootfeather, and Birdsong.” Sunstar stood up with Swiftrose, who had the scent of chamomile on her. “We’ll meet you five in my den.” Sunstar padded away with Swiftrose and Brackenfur by his side.

Blazeheart padded to the Elder’s den. “Flameleap?” he called softly. “Flameleap, you there?” What Blazeheart saw was unexplainable. His jaw dropped, but not a single sound came from him. In front of him was the old flame-colored elder, her glassy, pale yellow eyes were opened and stared back at him coldly, blankly, deathly. She showed to signs of life when Blazeheart gently prod her belly with his paw.

The old she-cat was dead.

Sorry guys if this chapter took so long! Btw, I want to see three votes or else no update >:3

Chapter Seventeen

Thank you for the votes on the previous chapter <3 Here's Chapter Seventeen!

Chapter 17

Firestorm stifled a yawn as she padded out of camp. She was hungry, tired, and this was the fifth time she was going out to collect brambles for the dens. She already had brought back brambles, sticks, moss, and even all the herbs she had found, to make it easier for Riverdapple and Whitepaw.

Firestorm's pawsteps had slowed double her speed of walking. She was very hungry, and realized that she never eaten since she yesterday. She decided to hunt, even though she isn't on a patrol. Firestorm taste the air. She caught the scent of mouse, and dropped into a hunter's crouch. When she saw the mouse nibbling a few mouse-tails ahead of her, she leaped.

Firestorm killed the mouse with a swift paw swipe, thanking StarClan for the fresh-kill. As Firestorm's belly growl in hunger, she tried to resist not to eat the mouse. Instead, she grab the mouse in her jaws and started padding back to camp. By the time she had got back to camp, she noticed that the sun was sinking.

"It's sunset already?" Firestorm heard a soft moan from the Nursery. It belonged to her brother, Wolfkit, who was moaning to his three other litter-mates and Nettlekit. "Yeah, so what?" Hazelkit, one of Firestorm's sisters meowed as she swiftly pounce on him playfully. "I win! I win! MistyClan wins!" she yowled in happiness.

As Firestorm drop her scrawny mouse on the fresh-kill pile, she noticed that it had been full stocked, even though it was the coldest leaf-bare she had ever experienced. As Firestorm bend over to grab a sour-looking sparrow, Mistystar padded out of her den and leaped on the high-rock. "Let all cats who are old enough to hunt join here for a meeting!" Mistystar's voice echoed around camp.

Firestorm grumbled. She open her jaws and let the sparrow fall from her mouth before padding towards the high-rock and settling down beside her father. Stormyheart flick his ear in greeting. “There aren’t many cats here because most of them are still getting brambles or hunting,” the gray warrior mewed, and Firestorm dip her head. “Yeah,” she mumbled in agreement.

“Tonight is the night of the gathering,” Mistystar yowled, as more cats padded into the camp, carrying a huge bunch of brambles. “The gathering is tonight?” Echomist gasp from the entrance of the Nursery. “But.. the storm!” Reedwhisker’s eyes widened. The old deputy wheezed. “Yes, I know that,” The blue-gray leader nodded to him.

“I need Firestorm, Reedwhisker, and Riverdapple to come with me into my den to discuss this matter. How is the matter going on, Firestorm?” Firestorm blink at her leader. “It’s going great,” she replied. She point at the fresh-kill pile with her nose. “The hunting patrols did well. As for the Nursery, Warriors’ den, and Elder’s den, they are already heavily protected by the brambles, thanks to the following cats– Sedgefoot, Dawnsky, Stonebounce, Smokemist, the queens, and the elders.”

“We have names, you know,” Lilacstorm grumbled as she padded under the high-rock to sit next to Pineclaw and Minnowstream, who had scratches on their paws, like Lilacstorm. “I’m sure you did well, too,” Mistystar meowed warmly. “Firestorm, Reedwhisker, and Riverdapple. Come to my den now and we shall discuss this matter. The rest of you—back to your duties.”

After addressing the clan, the old leader leaped off the high-rock and padded towards Stormyheart and Firestorm, who were both standing up. “You will be in charge until I’m done talking with them.” Mistystar murmured into Stormyheart’s ear. “Then you can go back to hunt.” Stormyheart gave her a quick nod and lick her cheek.

Stormyheart, Firestorm knows, is Mistystar’s son, and Firestorm too knows that the old leader was nearly ending her last life. ‘Times will be hard after the fallen deaths in MistyClan, but all will rise in proudness as new lives are born into the clan. Blizzardkit, shall be

the third kit's name, due to the blizzard that will strike MistyClan.'

Firestorm blinked. The voice was back in her head again! "No, no.. NO! Stay out of my head!" Firestorm yowled as she jumped up and down, her eyes shut, fur bristling and her tail fluffed out. "Firestorm! What in StarClan's name is happening to you?" Mistystar gasp as she took a step back in horror. "Riverdapple! Riverdapple!" Stormyheart yowled. Riverdapple rushed over to the Lead warrior, who had already collapsed on the snow.

"Blizzardkit..." Firestorm trailed off as her vision blurred.

FIVE VOTES PEOPLE UNTIL ANOTHER UPDATE! :D LOVE YOU ALL HEAPS!! <3

Chapter Eighteen

Chapter 18 is dedicated to DangerclanSharpstar for the fifth vote!

Blazeheart

“Flameleap’s dead!” The news spread around camp like a fire in the forest. “She still had moons to go before she leaves!” “Have StarClan lost their minds?” “Why bring an innocent elder to her death?” “Silence!” Sunstar roared from the high-rock.

The whole clan turned to face their ginger leader. “Flameleap’s death is a tragedy, I know,” Sunstar begun. He looked down and nod to Brackenfur, Sandwhisker, and Birdsong, the children of Flameleap. They had their shoulders hunched, but their eyes were clouded with sorrow and pain.

“SunClan honored Flameleap. She was a very brave and loyal she-cat. She will be missed for her gentleness and her believes of what’s right and wrong.” Owlfur sat near the body of Flameleap. Blazeheart noticed that his the brown warrior’s pelt and paws were wet, dripping with water. “But what will we do?” A cat from the back called out. “We have no more elders!”

“Silence!” This time, it was Blazeheart who yowl. “Sunstar is speaking. Show your respect to your leader.” As Sunstar dip his head to his deputy, a small, frail voice was heard. “I wish to join the Elder’s den.” “Timberfur?” “And I should’ve retired long ago, and join Flameleap before she joined StarClan.” Blazeheart just realized that the brown tabby is old. He just never noticed that.

“Very well,” Sunstar bowed his head. “Timberfur, is it your wish to give up the name of a warrior and become an elder?” Timberfur nodded. “It is.” Sunstar jumped down the high rock. “Your clan honors you and all the service you have given us. I call upon StarClan to give you many seasons of rest and peace.”

As cats padded away to give their respects to Flameleap, Sunstar yowled again. “Tonight is the gathering,” he meowed. “No. There is no gathering tonight,” Brackenfur meowed from behind Flameleap’s body. “StarClan warned me about a storm tonight, and the worse thing is that it’s sundown already.”

“What?” Sunstar gasp. The whole clan erupted with cries. “How come you never told us?” Brackenfur slap his tail against Owlfur’s mouth. “MistyClan will have the most losses but we will only have one.” “What?!” This time, it was Blazeheart and Owlfur who yowled out the loudest. “Why didn’t you tell me?” they asked Brackenfur at the same time.

Brackenfur swipe his tail. “StarClan just gave me a sign,” the medicine cat snapped back. “And we’ve already lost Flameleap, which means that we don’t need to worry anymore!” “Why are you so interested in MistyClan, anyway?” Willowstripe narrowed her eyes at the deputy and the brown warrior.

“Nothing!” Blazeheart and Owlfur mumbled at the same time. “Anyway,” Sunstar continued. “We shall not go to the gathering tonight. We will do it next moon.” “Brackenfur, Sootfeather, Sandwhisker, Birdsong, and Blazeheart. We need to talk, remember? About Owlfur.” Sunstar meowed.

He jumped down the high-rock. “Brackenfur, Sandwhisker, Birdsong,” The three siblings look up. “I will give you a few minutes to grieve before you three will join us in my den,” Sunstar mew. “Right now, we need to have a very important discussion..” Sunstar meowed to the following cats. Blazeheart started to follow Sunstar, but Dawnpaw, his apprentice, nudged him.

“When will we start hunting?” she asked him. Blazeheart nodded towards Bearclaw. “Bearclaw is taking Graypaw around the territory. Go with them first, and I shall teach you how to hunt.” His apprentice’s eyes shone and she ran after her sister and her sister’s mentor. Blazeheart padded after Sunstar. He entered his leader’s den and sat down next to him.

Behind him, Sootfeather, Brackenfur, Sandwhisker, and Birdsong padded in and they settled close together. “I thought I gave you a

few moments to grieve?" Sunstar meowed in surprise. "We want to do this now, so that we can grieve for her after we do this." Brackenfur meowed. Sunstar flicked his tail. "Alright," he meowed, eyeing the five warriors one by one. "Let's discuss Owlfur's future now."

I want to see 7 votes now :)

Chapter Nineteen

I love you all my fans! 8 votes from the last chapter in less then two days! :)

Chapter 19

Firestorm

“The storm’s coming! The storm’s coming!” Lilacpool’s shrill voice rang around camp. “Quick! Carry as much prey as you can and hide in the dens! Now!” Firestorm yowled as she grab a starling and a squirrel in her jaws, before rushing off to the Nursery. She was one of the cats who will take care of the queens during the storm. The other cat is Nettlesplash. He was behind her and managed to grab a vole before dashing after her.

Firestorm had recovered a few moments after she collapsed on the ground a few hours back. She continued to rebuild the Clan, until Lilacpool let out the cry of alarm. In camp, cats scattered around everywhere to get to their dens. Reedwhisker grab a scrawny mouse before retreating to the warriors’ den.

Firestorm spotted her leader’s dark blue-gray pelt disappear into her den. “Where’s Echomist and Sagewhisker?” Rockshade gasp. Firestorm turned around. “Where are the kits?” “Echomist and Sagewhisker brought their kits out to gather moss for our nests!” Rosetail mew, her eyes widened. “No!” Firestorm gasp as the three fresh-kill in her jaws drop to the ground. “The storm!”

She dashed outside, calling her mother’s name, along with Sagewhisker’s name and the kits. “Echomist!” Firestorm yowled. She had no time left. The blizzard was coming up! “Get in!” Firestorm felt a shove and she tumbled into the Nursery. “Echomist! Sagewhisker!” Firestorm gasp.

“Where’s the kits?” Her mother’s eyes were distraught as she drop

Wolfkit and Snowykit next to Rosetail, who immediately started licking her siblings dry. “We will find them.” Sagewhisker’s voice was heavy as she drop Hazelkit and Eaglekit. She nosed her son to Rockshade and Nettlesplash. “When Lilacpool yelled the warning to the clan, the kits were so frightened they ran away, deeper into the forest.” Echomist shook her snow from her pelt.

“Firestorm, stay here with Nettlesplash and the two queens. We will be back shortly!” Nettlesplash blinked. “But, that’s crazy!” he meowed franticly as they disappeared in the blizzard. Suddenly, Firestorm gasp. “What’s the matter?” Her sister, Rosetail asked, nudging her. Her own kits were mewling. “Riverdapple said that two queens and four kits will die!”

Rockshade blinked. “That’s not true,” She pointed out. “There are only three kits missing.” “Echomist and Sagewhisker went outside to look for Echokit, Sagekit, and Tinykit. That makes it two queens and three kits! That’s bad enough!” Nettlesplash whispered. “I need to go out and look for them.” “No!” Rosetail meowed, grabbing Firestorm’s scruff.

“You’ll die!” “Rosetail, they are going to die!” Firestorm struggled. “Please! They might still survive! There is a higher chance that they will find shelter somewhere. I promise that they will live,” Rockshade meowed, nudging all the kits and Rosetail to the warmest part of the Nursery. “Right now, our priority is to take care of the kits! I can’t lose you, Firestorm!” “Where’s Echomist?” Wolfkit and Hazelkit whimpered.

“Where’s Sagewhisker?” Eaglekit whimpered as he rested his chin on his paws. “Nettlekit?” Rockshade nudge her kit. Nettlesplash licked his daughter. “She’s asleep. You three queens curl around the kits to keep them warm.” Firestorm blink at the tom. “I am not a queen,” she muttered. “They need warmth!” Rockshade meowed, licking Poppykit, one of Rosetail’s kits.

“I will keep a lookout for your mother and Sagewhisker and the other kits,” Nettlesplash promised. He sat near the entrance of the Nursery as Firestorm dragged the starling, squirrel, and vole with her as she curled around Wolfkit, Snowykit, and Hazelkit, her litter-

mates. Rockshade nose Nettlekit and Eaglekit to her belly, while Rosetail shivered next to her sister.

“I hope my kits survive,” Rosetail pressed against Firestorm, who was looking at Mistkit, Hailkit, and Poppykit. Their eyes were still closed. “They’re so fragile, I am not even sure they’d survive,” Rosetail whispered in Firestorm’s ear. “You seem like a good mother,” Rockshade mumbled to Firestorm, who licked Wolfkit’s head.

“I am not a mother!” Firestorm grumbled under her breath. The gray queen flicked her tail. “That’s too bad, then,” Rockshade’s eyes dimmed. “Because it fits you well.” Firestorm tried to ignore her, turning to her brother and sisters. Wolfkit was as big as an apprentice already. His sisters Snowykit and Hazelkit were almost the size of him.

Firestorm begun washing herself as she wrap her tail around her siblings. Suddenly Firestorm heard a faint wail in the distance from the Nursery, followed by a yowl. “What was that?” She blinked. Nettlesplash shrugged. “Probably some prey that got stuck in the blizzard,” the tom quickly meowed from the entrance. Firestorm sniffed the small vole that Nettlesplash took from the fresh-kill pile. She gently nose her brother and sisters towards it. “You must eat,” Firestorm meowed softly. Wolfkit and Hazelkit sniff the vole and begun to tear the meat apart.

Snowykit, however, didn’t move a single muscle towards the fresh-kill. “Snowykit?” Firestorm gently prodded her younger sister with her paw. “Are you okay?” Rosetail reached out and sniff Snowykit’s head. “She’s dead, Firestorm,” Rosetail meowed heavily, her eyes dull. “She’s... dead?” Firestorm choked. She buried her nose in Snowykit’s white fur, feeling grief rushing into her. “How can she be dead?” Firestorm whispered softly.

As Firestorm and Rosetail watch Wolfkit and Hazelkit murmur to Snowykit, Nettlesplash stood up. “Where are you going, Nettlesplash?” Rockshade meowed in surprise. “I am going to find Echomist, Sagewhisker, and the three kits,” Nettlesplash dip his head. “I’ll be back shortly, I promise.” Rockshade thrust herself

forward and stopped in front of him.

“Please don’t go,” she whispered, staring deep into her mate’s eyes. “You might get hurt!” Nettlesplash ruffled his fur. “Rockshade, how many times must I tell you..” he trailed off in annoyance as Rockshade tried to block his path again. “I won’t get hurt!” he darted past her and hurried out of the Nursery. Rockshade padded slowly back to Nettlekit, her head bowed.

“He’ll be fine,” Firestorm heard her sister murmur to the gray queen. Nettlekit, now awake, press against her mother, comforting her. Rosetail sighed. “I know how it feels,” Firestorm perked her ears. Smokemist is the father of her kits right? Firestorm tried to remember the conversation between Rosetail and her. But why doesn’t he make a move to tell the clan? Why doesn’t Rosetail admit it? Could it be possible that her kits' father is not from MistyClan?

Make me a banner for any character! The winner will get a dedication on my next chapter!
10 votes this time! Think you guys can make it? :)

Chapter Twenty

[image]

Thank you MakeItOutAlive_13 for the banner of Blazeheart! This chapter is dedicated to you :) And thank you Featherstar1 for the 90th vote of this book~

Chapter 20

Blazeheart

“Let all cats join below the high rock for a clan meeting!” Sunstar jumped on the high rock, yowling out. Swiftrose jumped up and sat beside him. Blazeheart padded outside his leader’s den, followed by Sootfeather, Birdsong, Sandwhisker, and the medicine cat, Brackenfur.

Owlfur padded out of the warriors’ den and sat near the high rock, his eyes hard and cold. Frostyheart snarled at him, baring her fangs. Sweetbriar, another former queen, sat near Owlfur, her back half-facing him. Sootfeather, Owlfur’s former mentor, sat next to Sandwhisker, who bend over her mother Flameleap’s body.

Her brother Brackenfur gently nose her away from the body of the elder. “She hunts with StarClan, now,” he mumbled in her ear. Birdsong, their sister, padded into the Nursery with her mate Gingergaze. Then she came out of the Nursery, their two kits Foxkit and Birdkit bouncing after her, unaware of Flameleap’s death and what was happening.

Blazeheart sat below the high-rock, trying not to flinch when Owlfur’s yellow gaze turned to him. “Flameleap’s death is a tragedy to us. We will never forget her.” Sunstar begun, and the camp is filled with murmurs of grief once again. “We have already discussed on Owlfur’s future,”

Sunstar flick his tail and nodded to Blazeheart. “Blazeheart has

news to tell." As the SunClan leader finished speaking, all eyes turn to look at Blazeheart. Blazeheart dip his head as he stood up, feeling Owlfur's gaze burn his back.

"Owlfur is to stay in SunClan–" Blazeheart was interrupted before he finished speaking. "What?" Frostyheart snarled. "Have you forgotten that he is half-clan?" "No. Or neither do we," Sootfeather retorted sourly as she stood up. Birdsong, who was tending to her two kits, lashed her tail.

"But Flameleap's dying wish is for him to stay in SunClan." Sandwhisker nodded. The Lead Warrior was tired, Blazeheart could see. "And we must obey an Elder's dying wish, whether it's good or bad," "Yes," Brackenfur agreed. "Even though I hate Owlfur as much as *fox-dung*, I must follow my mother's wish,"

When the medicine cat spat the word fox-dung, Owlfur snarled at him. "He will do an apprentice's duty until he is shown to be loyal to his clan." Sootfeather growled at Owlfur. "Owlfur was my first apprentice," she meowed. "But if Brackenfur follows his mother's wish, so do I,"

Swiftrose, who was standing beside Sunstar the whole time, nodded. "Yes." she agreed. "It is decided, then," Sunstar meowed loudly. "Owlfur will stay in SunClan as an apprentice, with any warrior to tell him what to do. Owlfur must obey their commands and face two days without eating."

"What if I don't face two days without eating?" Owlfur challenged. "You'll see," Sunstar replied coldly. "Go back to your duties." When Sunstar dismissed the clan, he and Swiftrose jumped down at the same time and together, with their pelts touching, padded to his den together.

"Right," Blazeheart sigh. "Get ready for the storm, SunClan! Even though Brackenfur says that the storm wouldn't um.. take the lives of our clanmates away, we can't be too certain–" "Oh, shut up!" Owlfur snarled. The clan gasp. "How dare he speak to Blazeheart that way?" Tawnyfur snarled back. Her tail lashed and her tortoiseshell fur fluffed out.

Owlfur turn to his daughter and bared his teeth. He stood over her, and Tawnyfur shrank back. “You. Shut. Up. Too.” he spat. “You have no right, no right to do whatever you want to do to me! Understand?” The clan gasp louder. Blazeheart dropped his jaw. Tawnyfur whimpered, her eyes watery and her nose wet with white-cough. Blazeheart thought she would run away.

To his surprise, the she-cat stood up, trying to compare her size to her father’s giant figure. “But you know,” she growled, her nose still wet. “Whatever happens, you are my father and I am your daughter. Even StarClan can’t change that.” Blazeheart heard the brown tabby scoff. “You aren’t my daughter,” he laughed. “You are just Birdsong’s love-sick daughter with–” “Owlfur!” a snarl was heard behind him.

“That is enough!” Sunstar padded outside his den again. “Owlfur, the clan had decided to give you another chance to live in SunClan. If you do not—” “Whatever,” the tom growled under his breath. “I have no kin here,” he snarl. “Then get out of our clan!” Frostyheart spat. “Maybe I will,” Owlfur spat back as he disappeared into the warriors’ den. Just as he vanished into the den, a shrill yowl rang around camp. “The blizzard’s coming!”

I know this chapter's short, I've been busy with school. I'll try to make chapter 21 longer then before!

I'll update chapter twenty one when Dangerous Situation reaches 103 votes!

Chapter Twenty-one

Sorry for the long wait. My wifi was dead for a day. :(

Chapter 21

Firestorm

“I can’t help it!” Rockshade wailed in despair. It has been a long time–a very, very long time– since the her mate Nettlesplash went out of the Nursery to find Firestorm’s mother Echomist, another queen Sagewhisker, and three kits, which one of them is Firestorm’s litter-mates, and the other two are Sagewhisker’s kits.

“He will be fine,” Firestorm had said for the tenth time. “I promise and ensure you that!” Rosetail, Firestorm’s sister growled and rolled her eyes. “She cares too much, Firestorm. Do you remember Nettlesplash had kits before Nettlekit?” “Yes.” “Well they died.” “I remember that.” Firestorm turn to her sister. “They died in..” she narrowed her eyes. “I can’t remember how they died, though.”

“Leaf-bare,” Rockshade replied and lay her chin on her paws, staring at the entrance of the Nursery, her blue eyes pools of grief and sadness. “My first litter contained three kits but they didn’t survive their first leaf-bare. Nettlekit is just in my second litter,” “Did they survive their first moon?” Firestorm asked, blinking at the rock-colored queen.

“No,” Rockshade whispered, her eyes tightly closed. “My kits did not survive soon after birth,” Why is StarClan so cruel to let kits die in leaf-bare? Firestorm wrap her tail tighter around her two siblings Wolfkit and Hazelkit, hoping that her body heat would let them sleep deeply without feeling any coldness. Her grief for her younger sister Snowykit still hasn’t past yet.

Firestorm purred when she saw her sister do the same thing to her three kits Mistkit, Hailkit, and Poppykit. Nettlekit, Rockshade’s kit, limped over to Rockshade, whimpering. “Can I eat some of your

fresh-kill?" the little brown kit pointed with her nose towards the queen's half-eaten starling that lay near Firestorm.

I should've gotten more prey from the pile, Firestorm thought as she eyed her sister, her half-eaten squirrel, and the half-eaten starling. If I did, we might not all be very hungry. "Wolfkit, Hazelkit, you two are very brave and I am proud to call both of you my litter-mates." Firestorm gently rest her chin on Wolfkit's head, then on Hazelkit's head.

"What about Snowykit?" Hazelkit squeaked softly, staring at the tiny white body. "Snowykit.. well.." Rosetail frowned. She looked away, and Firestorm wondered if her sister was trying to hide her sadness. "She can't be with us anymore," Firestorm continued. "But.. why?" Wolfkit whimpered. "I want Echomist!" Hazelkit started to wail loudly.

"Shush!" Firestorm gently nudge her sister. "Snowykit is in a happier place right now," Firestorm gently rest her muzzle on her Snowykit's white head. Rosetail did the same to them, and gently drew away to her own kits. "I'm going to take a nap," Firestorm mumbled. She gently nose Wolfkit and Hazelkit away before curling up.

"You must come immediately!" Nettlesplash ran into the Nursery, the snow on his fur flying out in ice around the Nursery. "Shush! Get down! Can't you be more careful?" Rosetail snarled at the brown tabby. She started nosing a huge chunk of ice away from her mewling kits. After she was done, Rosetail started grooming each and every one of them, starting from Poppykit, whose fur was full of ice.

"She should be named Icekit," Wolfkit mews, his green eyes sparkling, as his grief for Snowykit vanished. "Her pelt is full of ice and snow! Wait, no! Maybe she should be named Whitekit or Snowkit or–" "Shut up," Hazelkit interrupted. "Can't you see that Rosetail glowering over you?" She whispered to him.

Wolfkit looked up to see his big sister narrowing her green eyes at him. "Sorry!" Wolfkit squeaked. "We must do something!" Firestorm heard Rockshade meowed to her mate. Nettlesplash

grumbled in annoyance as Rockshade begun licking his snow-soaked pelt. “Leave me alone, Rockshade. Right now we have very important things to do! Firestorm needs to know about this right now!”

Nettlesplash jumped up from his mate and landed next to Firestorm, who was still fast asleep. “Firestorm, wake up!” Nettlesplash shook her with his one dark brown paw. “Huh.. wha-?” Firestorm opened an eye. “You must see this! You.. you might get.. a shock,” Nettlesplash swallowed. “Only Firestorm,” the tom mews when Rosetail stood up, too.

“You.. ah.. you still need to groom Mistkit,” he meowed, blinking at the dark gray she-kit. “She still has a few specks of ice that is still stuck on her pelt,” Rosetail growled at him. “That’s because you flung it on her!” she spat before returning to the dark she-kit. “Can I come too?” Rockshade stood up, blinking at her mate. “No!” Nettlesplash suddenly shouted angrily and Rockshade took a few steps back, her eyes widened.

“You need to take care of Nettlekit! That is your job, yours! And not mine! Never mine! You are the queen, the mother of our kit! Do you know what your problem is? The problem is that you are overprotective over me! I don’t need you to care for me, just for our kits! You don’t want Nettlekit to end up as Minnowkit, Shadekit, or Splashkit, do you? Don’t forget that the mother has to take care of the kits! I remember you failed to do that job!”

At the mention of their three dead kits, Rockshade gasp in pain. She let out a choking sound and ran to Nettlekit, who was beside Rosetail. She curled up around her kit and begun to whimper as if a sharp rock pierced her heart. “Oh..” Nettlesplash frowned as he took a step back. “I think I have pushed it too far...” Nettlesplash whispered. “Yes, yes you did,” Firestorm growled. “Come on. Just show me.”

Nettlesplash dip his head and took a deep breath. “You might want to get ready,” he meowed. “Here we go!” he hopped out into the blizzard. “Firestorm?” Firestorm turned around. Rosetail sighed. “Be careful, please. I don’t want to lose you.” Firestorm dip her head. “I promise I’d be back,” she whispered before plunging out to meet

with the storm, though she couldn't be certain she might keep her promise to her sister.

125 votes for Forbidden Love until chapter 22 ;)

Chapter Twenty-two

Heh here it is!! I'm going on vacation for I might not be online to update. But I'm bringing my laptop with me so I might update during the holidays!

Chapter 22

“Run!” Blazeheart yowled to his clanmates. “Get as much fresh-kill as you can and get in the dens!” He felt cats push past him with fear as he looked up to see heavy gray clouds floating over SunClan. “Go!” Sunstar hissed, pushing Blazeheart to the direction of the warriors den.

“What about you?” “Swiftrose is going to stay with me and she already brought a few mice for us to eat! Get in the warriors’ den. Now!” Blazeheart nodded and ran to the fresh-kill pile. He quickly grab a thin, gray squirrel in his jaws before jumping into the warriors’ den just before the storm hit.

“Blazeheart! Thank StarClan!” Blazeheart was knocked off his paws as Tawnyfur slammed onto his side. Both of them let out a yowl and tumbled to the ground. Blazeheart’s squirrel hit accidentally hit Dapplenose. She let out a cry. “Get off of me, Tawnyfur!” Blazeheart snarled, trying to push her away.

He didn’t want to catch her white-cough! “But.. I’m happy to see you safe!” Tawnyfur mumbled, looking away. Blazeheart turned to see his all his clan-mates staring at him and Tawnyfur with amusement. “What are you looking at?” Blazeheart snapped with annoyance.

“Nothing,” Sandwhisker purred. She bend down to tear a slice of meat from her crow. “Just happy to know our deputy will have a future mate called Tawnyfur.” Blazeheart’s eyes blazed with fury. He is going to have a mate, but it will not be Tawnyfur! It will be the beautiful Firestorm from MistyClan.

Blazeheart wondered how she was doing right now. He couldn't wait until the storm was over so they could meet in secret again. He silently let out a prayer to StarClan to keep her safe. Tawnyfur kept rubbing her head against Blazeheart. Blazeheart let out a hiss of annoyance, and turn his head to face the other way. "Stop it, Tawnyfur!" he snapped angrily.

"What in the name of StarClan–" "Go do that somewhere else!" "Yeah!" "Not in the warriors' den!" Remarks of amusement and disgust spread around the den. Blazeheart felt his face burn with embarrassment and anger. "Tawnyfur. I swear to StarClan if you do not stop I will—" "Pathetic." a single voice croaked from the entrance of the den. Blazeheart perked his ears at the sound of Owlfur's voice.

"What?" Tawnyfur slowly backed off of Blazeheart. "You really are one love-sick cat." Owlfur padded into the den, shaking his pelt, flinging bits of snow around him. "Watch it!" Frostyheart snarled as few bits of snow landed on her face. The brown tabby didn't reply and stalked to the end of the den. He curled up and Blazeheart could hear soft snoring coming from him.

Blazeheart stretched and let out a yawn. He picked up his squirrel and padded to the middle of the den. Tawnyfur started following him, but Blazeheart flick his tail, warning her not to. Instead, to Blazeheart's surprise, she curled up against her father's fur and closed her eyes.

Blazeheart know that even know Owlfur treated his own daughter like dirt, Tawnyfur still loved him. Blazeheart begun tearing his squirrel apart, ripping the rubber-like skin, trying to get the meat. Blazeheart cringed at the sour taste of the stringy squirrel, but he finished it anyway, not wanting to waste the fresh-kill.

With his belly full, he curled up and fall into a deep sleep, dreaming of Firestorm.

Chapter Twenty-three

Sorry for the long wait .. >.<

Chapter 23

Firestorm could hardy make out the pale brown pelt of Nettlesplash in the blizzard. “We must stay close!” she heard the tom yell at her. “Or else we’ll get lost!” Firestorm tried to lift her head but the blizzard is too strong and she ended up having her head glued down to her chest.

She felt something soft with her paws. She tripped and fell on the ground. Firestorm turn her head to see what she tripped on. But the blizzard covered her sight. Firestorm squinted her eyes. She could make out the colors of the thing she tripped over. It was white as the snow.

Firestorm forced herself to think. What would be white and why is it on the clearing? “Firestorm! Firestorm!” Nettlesplash collapsed beside her. “What is that? I tripped over it!” Firestorm lay her head on the ground, her nose pointing at the object. “Is it a huge lump of snow?” she thought as she saw Nettlesplash flinch through the strong winds of the blizzard.

Nettlesplash didn’t reply. “What did I trip on? What is that?” Nettlesplash was silent for a few moments. He used his nose and pointed at the white thing. Firestorm could barely make out that the white ‘thing’ she tripped on was actually a cat’s pelt.

Then Firestorm realized, that the white thing –the thing that she tripped on– was Sagewhisker’s body. “No..” Firestorm gasp. Curled up next to the she-cat, Firestorm could see two tiny shapes beside her. One is a cream brown and the other was as white as Sagewhisker.

The blizzard seemed to stop. It slowed down and Firestorm squinted her eyes at a pale gray shape lying closely to the dead queen.

Firestorm slowly padded to the gray shape. Please don't let it be my mother, she begged as she turn to look at the cat's face.

It was her mother Echomist's body, with one of her younger sisters Silverkit, lying beside her. Their gaze was glassy and they showed no signs of life. "E-Echomist? S-Silverkit?" Firestorm stammered as she stepped forward and nose her mother's gray body.

Echomist's body rolled over, her green eyes stared at thin air. Firestorm couldn't believe what she saw. "Wake up! You have to wake up!" Firestorm started to wail as she slithered underneath her mother's body and tried to lift her up with her back.

"No! Echomist! Silverkit!" she started to yowl when Echomist's limp body fell on the snowy ground. Nettlesplash took a step towards the Lead Warrior, his head down. "I'm so sorry," he whispered in her ear. "What's going on here?" a rasp came from behind them. It was Reedwhisker, the deputy, who just came out of the warriors' den.

Firestorm didn't look up from her mother's and sisters' bodies. "Echomist is dead," she whispered and shut her eyes tightly. "Echomist?" Reedwhisker stammered. He let out a soft wail as he buried his nose in her gray fur. Firestorm remembered that Reedwhisker was her mother's brother. "Echomist?" Firestorm open her eyes to see her father Stormyheart standing before his mate's body.

He was whimpering as he dropped down to the ground, yowling Echomist's name over and over. "Silverkit's dead, too.. she was next to Echomist before she died.. as for Snowykit.." Nettlesplash trailed off. "What?" Stormyheart gasp. He let out a choking sound as he forced himself to look at his mate's belly, where Silverkit lay motionless. "No, no, no!"

Firestorm tried to stand up, but her legs felt weak and she crumbled to the ground once again. "Hazelkit and Wolfkit are safe," Rockshade meowed from the Nursery. Firestorm turn to look at the gray queen. Her blue eyes were filled with grief. "As well as Eaglekit."

Reedwhisker look up and snarl at the queen. "Where is Sagewhisker

and Sagekit and Tinykit?" he questioned, scanning around the camp in agony. "They.. they died too," Nettlesplash whispered, staring at a small white body lying on the ground behind Echomist. "S-Sagewhisker.." Reedwhisker choked.

Firestorm looked up to see Reedwhisker's gaze drop at the sight of his mate and two of their kits' bodies in disbelief. Pain clouded in his eyes as he dropped down and started to wail with grief. Firestorm blink as water filled her eyes. "She was my sister," Firestorm noticed the white she-cat Cloudmist. Her eyes were pools of sadness and grief as she bend down to touch her nose on Echomist's head before turning and sitting a few fox-lengths away, her head down, eyes sealed tight.

"Echomist!" a rasp-like screech suddenly shriek. All cats turn to see who shrieked. A blur of dark gray flashed past Firestorm. "My daughter! My daughter is dead!" Firestorm blinked as she watched her elderly dark gray grandmother tumble next to her mother's silver pelt.

"Calm down, Minnowstream!" an older voice croaked from the Elders' Den. Firestorm watched as Pineclaw, her grandfather and Minnowstream's mate, limped towards Minnowstream, with pain in his yellow eyes. "How can I calm down when our daughter is dead?"

Minnowstream's wail grew louder. "What happened?" a soft voice made Firestorm turn her head. From the Nursery's entrance stood a creamy dark red tabby pelt. Firestorm recognize her sister Rosetail. Firestorm sucked in a deep breath, her eyes wet.

"Echomist's dead, along with Silverkit." it was Stormyheart who replied. His eyes were filled with pain as he stood up. "But what about Wolfkit, Snowykit, and Hazelkit?" "Snowykit's dead, too. Wolfkit and Hazelkit are alive." Rosetail whispered, pointing at the small white body in the nursery with her tail.

Minnowstream struggled to stand up. Pineclaw supported his mate. "StarClan.. how could you be this cruel..?" Minnowstream whispered as she started to pad to the Elder's den, her head down, shoulders slumped, tail dragging on the snow, leaving a trail.

No cat replied to the elder’s words.

Chapter Twenty-four

6000 reads! Yay!! Thanks guys ＜3 :D

Chapter 24

Blazeheart open his eyes to see the weak light of sunrise shining into the den. He stood up, as he heard his leader call him name. “Yes, Sunstar–” Blazeheart was interrupted when he dash out of the den, only to fall face first into a heap of snow outside the den.

“Great StarClan! Look at the snow!” “The blizzard really did turn SunClan into SnowClan!” Blazeheart heard his apprentice’s faint meow. “Hey, is that Blazeheart?” Blazeheart jerk his head out of the snow, grunting. “My paws are stuck!” he growled, trying to push himself out of the snow.

But the more he struggled, the deeper his paws sunk into the snow. “Keep still, Blazeheart!” Blazeheart looked up to see Frostyheart from the entrance of the warriors’ den. The former pale-gray-and-white queen sniffed the pile of snow in front of the den and placed a paw on it. “What are you doing? My paws are getting more number by the second!” Blazeheart scowled.

“I’m testing the snow, Blazeheart,” Frostyheart growled softly under her breath as she place another paw on the snow. She hop on the snow, and then Blazeheart realized how skinny the she-cat looked like. *That’s why she could stand on the snow! She’s as skinny as that squirrel I ate yesterday!* “Keep still, Blazeheart. I’ll get you out of there in a heartbeat.”

Blazeheart bit his lip as Frostyheart grab his scruff in her jaws. She hurled him out of the snow with all her effort. Blazeheart felt numb as he tried to stand up. “Your paws are numb. Shall I get Brackenfur?” “Thank you, Frostyheart,” The former queen dip her head. “I will get my son to bring you in the warriors’ den to rest. Tinycloud!” she called.

A white tom poked his head out of the den. “Yes Frostyheart?” he asked. His eyes widened at the sight of Blazeheart, who was lying on the snow, not moving. “Pull Blazeheart back into the den to rest. I’ll get Brackenfur.” Tinycloud nodded and stretched his neck to grab the deputy’s scruff. He pulled, but Blazeheart only moved a little. “Shall I help?” Blazeheart looked up to see Tinycloud’s sister Duskpelt poke her head out. “Thanks,” Blazeheart meows as together the two litter-mates pulled Blazeheart back inside.

“Thank you, Tinycloud, Duskpelt,” Blazeheart gave a small nod to his former apprentice, Duskpelt. She shrugged and kept pulling him until Blazeheart reached his nest. “Where’s the rest of the warriors?” “Sandwhisker sorted out the patrols while you were sleeping.” Blazeheart remembered he, Tinycloud, and Duskpelt had all kept a night watch to make sure the snow doesn’t come in the den.

“Okay,” Blazeheart meowed. “What’s wrong, Duskpelt?” Blazeheart suddenly noticed his former apprentice frowned. “I-it’s Owlfur,” she whispered. Tinycloud gave his sister a snarl. “What? That flea-bitten–” “I know you all don’t like him..” Blazeheart remembered that the pretty tortoiseshell she-cat liked Owlfur.

But Owlfur took no notice of her, and the young she-cat couldn’t understand before finding out the truth that the brown tabby hated tortoiseshells. “You are too young to think about love, Duskpelt,” Blazeheart gently reminded her. “Have you ever been in love, Blazeheart? I really like Owlfur.. but he never takes–” “Blazeheart! Are you okay?”

Blazeheart turned around to see Willowstripe rush towards him, with Frostyheart trailing slowing behind him. “My paws are numb.. I can’t feel anything..” The medicine cat pressed her nose against Blazeheart’s pads. “They *are* cold.” Willowstripe agreed. “You need rest and warmth from a cat–” “Blazeheart!” Blazeheart grumbled with annoyance. Tawnyfur! “Oh, Blazeheart, are you okay? Willowstripe, how is he?” “He’s fine, Tawnyfur. His paws are just numb.” Willowstripe purred with amusement.

“He just needs rest and warmth from a cat–” “I’ll do it!” “Excuse me?” Blazeheart let out a gasp. “I’ll stay by him all the time! I’ll

fetch him prey, change his bedding, and keep him warm!" Blazeheart suddenly felt sick. *Oh, no.*. He sighed as Tawnyfur settled down next to him, purring and rubbing her head under his chin. Blazeheart pulled away from her, annoyed. "Tawnyfur, remember you have white-cough! You can't go near Blazeheart."

Tawnyfur looked torn. "Oh," she says. She gets up and heads outside. "But I can still visit him, right?" "Yes," Willowstripe purr with amusement. "But don't stay too close to him." she meows when Blazeheart shot her a glare. "Now let's get out of the den and let Blazeheart rest."

Chapter Twenty-five

Sorry for the long wait.. my problems just keep pilling and pilling up.. here ya go: Chapter 25

Chapter 25

“Are you okay?” Firestorm lift her head to meet the gaze of her brother’s pools of emerald, green eyes. “I’m fine, Wolfkit,” Firestorm forced a purr. “Pineclaw, Minnowstream, and Lilacstorm are going to bury Echomist, Silverkit, and Snowykit now.” Firestorm stared at her brother.

“What about Sagewhisker, Sagekit, and Tinykit?” she asked. *Surely the Elders haven’t forgotten about them!* Wolfkit shrugged. “Reedwhisker isn’t letting any cat go near them. He won’t even let Riverdapple nor Whitepaw come one mouse-tail close to him or his kits!” “What about Lilacpool?” Firestorm asked, looking away. “Reedwhisker won’t even look at her. He cares for Sagewhisker more than Lilacpool!”

“Of course.. Sagewhisker’s dead..” Firestorm mumbled under her breath. Her mind suddenly wondered to Blazeheart. How was he? Is he still well? “Let all cats old enough to swim gather here for a clan meeting!” Mistystar’s voice broke into Firestorm’s thoughts. Her shoulders drooped, Firestorm let her tail drag on the snowy ground as she padded slowly to join her clanmates by the high rock.

“We have lost six clanmates—two queens, Echomist and Sagewhisker, and four of their kits: Silverkit, Snowykit, Sagekit, and Tinykit.” Murmurs of grief pass though the clan like a ripple of waves. “We shall mourn their loss tonight. But for now,” Mistystar paused. She swept her gaze to Wolfkit, Hazelkit, and Eaglekit.

“We have three new apprentices to make.” Firestorm perk her ears. Stormyheart looked up to gaze at his leader, hope filled his eyes. Reedwhisker slowly lifted his head. “Wolfkit, Hazelkit, and Eaglekit. Come here.” Firestorm heard her sister gently nudge the three kits

out of the Nursery. “Go on,” she whispered to her litter-mates and Eaglekit. Wolfkit and Hazelkit padded forward, eyes not so shining brightly.

Eaglekit, however, just dragged himself after them. “Wolfkit, Hazelkit, and Eaglekit have reached their sixth moon and are now ready to become new apprentices of MistyClan.” Mistystar paused. “From this moment on, these three kits will now be known as Wolfpaw, Hazelpaw, and Eaglepaw. Thornheart, Thrushwing, and Firestorm. Come forward.”

The three cats padded forward, their eyes darting around, obvious that they did not expected this, especially Firestorm. She did not expect Thrushwing will take another apprentice! “Thornheart, you will mentor Wolfpaw. You have been a great mentor to Rosetail. You are ready for a new apprentice. Let your noble skills be pass down to your new apprentice, who is your former apprentice’s brother.” Thornheart dip his head and padded forward to meet Wolfpaw.

“Thrushwing.” Mistystar meowed. The sandy-colored tom stepped forward. “You will mentor Hazelpaw.” Firestorm noticed the tom stifled a growl. Mistystar didn’t say anything about his skills. “Firestorm,” Firestorm let out a deep breath and padded forward. “You have lost so many, yet achieve lots. You are ready for another new apprentice to pass your skills to.”

Firestorm spotted grief swept the leader’s eyes. “Share your boldness and courage to your new apprentice, Eaglepaw.” As the Clan cheered loudly, Firestorm realized they were not just yowling just the new apprentices’ names, but also the names of the clanmates they’ve lost. “Wolfpaw! Hazelpaw! Eaglepaw!” the Clan yowled. “Echomist! Sagewhisker! Silverkit! Snowykit! Sagekit! Tinykit!”

Firestorm cheered loudly for her lost mother and litter-mates. She can hear Stormyheart, Rosetail, Wolfpaw, and Hazelpaw doing the same. Firestorm noticed her new apprentice Eaglepaw sulking. He was just cheering softly. His father, Reedwhisker, just drag his tail on the way inside the warriors’ den.

For the first time, Firestorm had felt a surge of pity rush through her for the old warrior. “Reedwhisker?” Firestorm turned around to see Eaglepaw calling out softly to his father. “Don’t worry, Eaglepaw,” Firestorm tried to smile. “He’s just..” she couldn’t think of a word that described the feeling of loss. “Sad.” Firestorm snapped her head around when Thrushwing growled behind her.

“What’s sad?” Firestorm challenged, taking a paw step towards him angrily. Thrushwing, however, didn’t care. “You’ve lost your mother and two litter-mates.” he sneered. “Soon your whole *family* is going to die.”

Chapter Twenty-six

Enjoy.

Chapter 26

“Blazeheart?” Dawnpaw, the current apprentice of his, padded towards him with her sister Graypaw, behind her. “What?” Blazeheart ruffled his fur, standing up and padding out from underneath a bush.

“Can we hunt today? I want to show off my skills to Fishpaw and Morningpaw before they become warriors.” “Warriors?” Blazeheart echoed in surprise. “When will they become warriors?”

Morningpaw padded up to the ginger deputy. “Sunstar promised Fishpaw and I will get our warrior names tonight,” the light colored tabby explained. “Gingergaze agrees with Sunstar that *I* should become a warrior, too!” Fishpaw purred.

“Already?” Sweetbriar, their mother, purred. “Oh, that’s great!” Sweetbriar gently lick Fishpaw’s cheek. “If only your father were here..” Sweetbriar’s face fell. Fishpaw turned around and blinked at her mother. “Our father?” she asked.

“He’d be proud of you, even though he went to StarClan.” “How did he die?” Morningpaw hastily asked, wide eyed. “We.. we were going for a walk even though Milkygaze said not to go because I would be expecting kits anytime.”

Blazeheart twitched his ear. He remembered who their father was. It was Thornclaw, Swiftrose’s brother. “While we were walking, I started to feel pain in my belly. I told your father Thornclaw to go fetch Milkygaze, but he didn’t reply, only staring straight ahead of us. It was a fox.” Sweetbriar hung her head, while Fishpaw let out a gasp.

“He pounced on the fox and they fought. While they were fighting, I

gave birth to you and your sister." Sweetbriar looked into her daughters' widened eyes with sadness. "Thornclaw managed to drive the fox back to where it came from, but he was bleeding too much.

"He collapsed on the ground and never moved ever again." Sweetbriar whispered. Blazeheart remembered how Thornclaw died —he heard about it when he was just an apprentice.

Leaving the three she-cats to talk, Blazeheart padded away. He sat underneath a bush next to the Elders' den and starting to groom himself. "How are you Timberfur?" "I'm doing fine, Mudclaw." "Are you sure? Your nest is wet! What have the apprentices have been doing?"

"It's okay, really," Blazeheart rolled his eyes. He padded into the Elders' den. "Mudclaw, it's alright. I promise I will get Timberfur some new moss and–" "The moss is wet!" The molted brown tom turn around, his eyes narrowed into slits.

"Where's Morningpaw and Fishpaw?" "Mudclaw!" Sootfeather let out a big sigh. "What?" The brown tom growled. "Get those two apprentices right here right now!" Blazeheart rolled his eyes.

"Mudclaw!" he huffed. "Those two apprentices are going to get your father some moss, alright?" "They'd better," Mudclaw sniffed. "And if I still haven't forgotten, I think you still like Fishpaw," Mudclaw turn to Sootfeather.

"What? How can you say that? No, that's impossible!" Mudclaw stammered. Blazeheart stare at the black she-cat with amazement.

How did she know? Mudclaw would never fall in love or even like a she-cat! Not even theywould like him! "I'm back with more moss," Morningpaw padded into the den. She drop the moss next to Timberfur's nest.

"We're getting our warrior names at sunset!" she beamed happily. "So that means that Dawnpaw and Graypaw are the only apprentices left!" Fishpaw appeared next to her sister. "I wonder what my warrior name would be," the brown she-cat mumbled,

staring at Mudclaw.

“Maybe Fishclaw!” Blazeheart purred when the apprentice blurted out that name. If Fishpaw becomes Fishclaw, it would be very obvious that she likes Mudclaw because their last suffix are the same!

“No, Fishpaw! Maybe it would be Fish-face,” Mudclaw muttered, looking embarrassed. Blazeheart guess that he was acting as if he doesn’t care. Fishpaw drew back, her blue eyes wide. “Fish-face?” she gasp softly before running out of the den.

Timberfur flick his tail and a purr rumbled in his throat. “Young cats these days! They get hurt easily because their crush rejects them!” Mudclaw face his father. “They do not!” he snapped before storming out of the den, with Morningpaw behind him, narrowing her eyes at him.

“How did you know that Mudclaw and Fishpaw liked each other?” Blazeheart asked Sootfeather. Sootfeather shrugged, grinning. “If you mentored Mudclaw, you’ll understand how he acts when he likes a she-cat!” Blazeheart nodded. He remembered that Sootfeather became Mudclaw’s mentor after his first died. Her first apprentice was Owlfur.

Blazeheart dipped his head to Timberfur before padding out of the Elders’ Den. “Blazeheart! Blazeheart!” Dawnpaw ran to the deputy. “Can we go battle training now?” his apprentice pleaded. Blazeheart flick his tail.

“Dawnpaw,” he blinked. “My paws are still recovering. I promise that we will go training next time, okay?” His apprentice nodded, looking glum. “Really?” Blazeheart prick his ears when he heard Dapplenose’s excited voice behind the Nursery.

He also heard Owlfur’s voice, but couldn’t make out what he was saying. A few moments later, a happy-face Dapplenose appeared behind the Nursery, with Owlfur. “Where were you?” her sister, Duskpelt, ran up to her.

“We need to get prey from the fresh-kill pile before the storm hits!”

“I’ve got good news!” Dapplenose ignored her sister's question as she bounced happily towards her, eyes sparkling. “Owlfur agreed to be my mate!”

Chapter Twenty-seven

Whew! Was waiting for 200 votes guys! Instead I come back online after 2 days and find 203 votes :P +3 Extras! Thank you guys <3 :D

Chapter 27

“What do you mean?” Firestorm demanded. Thrushwing just let out a hiss. “You better watch out, Firestorm,” he snarled. “Watch your back, because so long you are in this clan, your whole family’s in danger.”

He padded away, and Firestorm duck her head. *Why is Thrushwing like this? He used to be so nice! Now it looks like he has changed!* “Firestorm?” Firestorm look up to see Reedwhisker in front of her. “Yes?” The frail tom was skin and bones.

“Well..” he looked away. “I..” he paused for a moment. “I’ll say it later,” Firestorm narrowed her eyes. What was the deputy going to say to her? Firestorm shook her head. “Firestorm?”

Firestorm look to see Eaglepaw in front of me. “Yes?” Her new apprentice looked me in the eyes, pain in his eyes. “R-Reedwhisker’s avoiding me. Why is he like this? He’s my father, for StarClan’s sake!” Firestorm sighed.

“Reedwhisker’s just in a state of loss right now, Eaglepaw,” Firestorm says, smiling sadly. *Like me*, she whispered to herself. “It’s best to leave him alone for now.” Eaglepaw drop his gaze and looked away from his mentor.

“You feel it too, don’t you?” “Yes, Eaglepaw. I’ve lost my mother and two litter-mates, too. Just like you.” Firestorm gave him a sad nod. “It’s StarClan’s fault!” Eaglepaw suddenly spit angrily.

Firestorm was taken aback by his new attitude. “No, Eaglepaw! It’s not StarClan’s fault!” she tried to calm him down. “If StarClan’s so

powerful, why can't they save my mother? Or Sagekit? Or Tinykit?" Eaglepaw went on, not listening to Firestorm.

"This is no cat's fault, Eaglepaw. You need to understand that sometimes.. it's just their time to join StarClan." "StarClan takes away kits too!" Eaglepaw let out a snarl. He lashed his tail and he extended his claws.

He started to claw the snow around him. "I hate StarClan! I hate StarClan!" He continued to hiss and take out his anger on the snow. "Eaglepaw!" Firestorm gasp. "Stop before you break a claw!"

"What do you think you're doing?" A loud, yet frail voice boomed from behind them. "Mistystar." Firestorm dipped her head. However, Eaglepaw just scowled. "Eaglepaw!" Firestorm push down Eaglepaw's head down with her paw.

"Show respect!" Eaglepaw snapped his jaws, missing Firestorm's paw by a mouse-tail. "Eaglepaw!" Mistystar hissed. Eaglepaw's eyes blazed with fury as he faced Mistystar. "What?"

"Show your leader and mentor respect," she growled a warning. "You don't want to disappoint Sagewhisker, Sagekit, and Tinykit, do you?" Eaglepaw's tail dropped at the mention of his mother and litter-mates.

"Don't talk about them." he growled bitterly after a lengthy silence that hung in the air. "StarClan made them die." he spat and Mistystar gasp. "Firestorm? A word?" The fury gaze her leader gave her made Firestorm shrink a little.

"Okay." she dip her head to her leader before sending Eaglepaw to go explore the territory with Thornheart, Thrushwing, Wolfpaw, and Hazelpaw. "What did you tell Eaglepaw?" Firestorm blinked at her leader.

"I.. I didn't say anything. He just got angry and started saying it's StarClan's fault that his mother and litter-mates died."

"And?" Firestorm was silent. "I also told him that my mother and litter-mates died, too. But I didn't feel that way. I told him

sometimes it’s just a cat’s time to die. Eaglepaw doesn’t think so and starting blaming StarClan and clawing the snow.”

“I see darkness in that tom’s spirit.” Mistystar meowed softly. “Teach him to live past his loss, Firestorm. If you can do it, I’m sure you can teach others to do that too. That’s why I am going to make you Deputy. You will lead this Clan when I join StarClan.”

Blazeheart and Firestorm's kits will be coming soon! Just hang on a bit longer! :D

Also tell me whose POV you liked the best! Firestorm or Blazeheart! Comment which cat's POV you want to hear from! (Write their name down)

220 votes for next chapter <3 Laff you guyz :3

Author's Note

HOLY MAMA!! Dem votes!! DEM VOTES!!!!! Less then 24 hours ago, I uploaded Chapter 27, asking for 220 votes for the next update! NOW I CHECK IT AND ZOMG! MORE THAN 220 VOTES!

I can't thank you guys more! You guys are the best! YOU ROCK MAH WORLD! As a result, I'm gonna start writing the next chapter up and fast! WOO! You guys deserve it sooo much!

Laff you guyz! :D

P.S. Don't forget to vote >;3

Chapter Twenty-eight

Here's the next chapter as promised! Enjoy and don't forget to vote please! :)

Chapter 28

Blazeheart

“What?” Duskpelt gasp, her jaw hanging. Blazeheart and Dawnpaw were too shocked to say a word. “But.. we are still young! We were just made warriors a few moons ago–” Duskpelt’s mew was interrupted by Owlfur.

“Got a problem?” he growled at the she-cat before purring and rubbing his cheek against Dapplenose’s cheek. “Owlfur! Go join Mudclaw’s patrol!” Sandwhisker’s meow rang around camp. Owlfur looked up.

“Gotta go,” he mews before licking Dapplenose’s muzzle. “Isn’t he great?” Dapplenose purred dreamily, watching him run to the fresh-kill pile. “Dapplenose, that’s *terrible!*” Duskpelt, her sister, meowed in disbelief.

“What in StarClan’s name were you thinking?” Frostyheart snarled from behind her Dapplenose. “Having Owlfur as a mate? Have you gone crazy?” Dapplenose narrowed her eyes at her mother. “I don’t care what he did to the clan. I love him!” Dapplenose pushed pass Blazeheart before running towards Owlfur.

Blazeheart watched as Dapplenose meowed something to the dark brown tabby. While Dapplenose was talking to Owlfur, she turn and face Blazeheart and his group. Owlfur followed her gaze and Blazeheart noticed the tabby had a scowl on his face.

“Great StarClan!” Tinycloud huffed. His mother Frostyheart just snarled. “She lost her whiskers!” “My sister is crazy..” Shaking her head, Duskpelt padded away, her brother Tinycloud trailing after

her.

“Have Dapplenose lost her mind?” Dawnpaw, Blazeheart’s apprentice, mew. “She certainly did. Either Owlfur really loves her or is pretending. And I know for a fact that Owlfur is pretending.” Blazeheart sighed.

“But–” “You can do nothing.” Sweetbriar mumbled behind Dawnpaw. She gave a nod of respect to her sister Frostyheart. Frostyheart just grumbled and looked away. “I remember how love feels like.” Sweetbriar continued.

“I’m sure Dapplenose loves him and Owlfur loves her back.” “Impossible!” Frostyheart immediately snapped. She let out a snarl, but Sweetbriar just rolled her eyes. “Why on earth would any cat love that piece of–” A loud snarl made the four cats turn around.

“What did you say about me?” Blazeheart turned around to see Owlfur baring his fangs at them. They were too engrossed in their talking to notice Owlfur had to go to the medicine cat’s den.

On the patrol’s way out, Mudclaw stepped on a thorn and Owlfur was sent to ask Brackenfur for herbs. “Nothing,” Dawnpaw mewed automatically, squeaking in fright. “Oh, I said ‘Why on earth would any cat love that piece of fox-dung!’” Frostyheart hissed at the tabby.

Blazeheart widened his eyes when Owlfur lashed out a paw at Frostyheart. It hit the white she-cat’s head and she fell to the ground with a thud. Blazeheart heard Sweetbriar, Duskpelt, and Dawnpaw gasp in shock and horror as Frostyheart lay splayed on the ground.

A thin line of blood trailed from Frostyheart jaws. Sweetbriar was the first to recover. “Frostyheart!” she wailed and dashed forward to her sister’s side. Duskpelt and Dawnpaw rushed to Frostyheart too, leaving Blazeheart staring at a now injured Frostyheart.

He turned to face Owlfur and was just about to snarl something, when Duskpelt let out a screech and leaped in front of Owlfur. “What have you done?!” Duskpelt hissed.

Owlfur just stood his ground, snarling at the she-cat. “You hurt my mother!” Duskpelt leaped up to tackle Owlfur down, but the brown warrior was faster. He jumped backwards, letting Duskpelt land on the hard earthy ground. Just as Duskpelt was about to leap again, Blazeheart jump between her. “No, Duskpelt!” He yowled, hoping the she-cat will calm down.

“He attacked my mother!” Blazeheart’s former apprentice spat. “Sweetbriar! Hold her!” Blazeheart commanded. The she-cat left Frostyheart’s side and pounced on Duskpelt, who was still spitting at Owlfur with hatred.

“Frostyheart, are you okay? Frostyheart? Frostyheart!” Blazeheart whip his head to study the white warrior. Frostyheart’s blue eyes were sightless and empty. A pool of blood was now forming around the she-cat’s head.

“Frostyheart!” Sweetbriar gasp softly. “She.. she’s dead! Frostyheart’s dead!” Dawnpaw’s shrill cry echoed around camp, and cats look up from what they were doing to stare at them. “Frostyheart? Frostyheart!”

Blazeheart pricked his ears and turn his head to the direction of Dapplenose’s voice. The she-cat rushed to her mother’s side and pressed her nose to Frostyheart’s cheek. “Owlfur, what happened?” Dapplenose lift her head to face her mate, her eyes pools of grief and Blazeheart felt sorry for her.

Her own mate killed her mother! Just as Owlfur was about to reply, Duskpelt leaped up from Sweetbriar’s grasp and spit at her sister. “Owlfur killed our mother!” “Owlfur?” “He killed Frostyheart?” “No..!” “She still had moons to go!” “I bet he killed Flameleap too!”

Wails of grief, anger, and hatred echoed around camp from Blazeheart’s clanmates. His heart sank. He failed to see Owlfur attack Frostyheart! It was his fault she died. Blazeheart was too engrossed in this thoughts he didn’t hear pawsteps walking towards him.

“What’s going on here?” Sunstar meowed. “What’s this I hear about Owlfur attacking a clan-mate?” “Well..” Blazeheart paused. He tried

to face his leader, but when he met his sharp, demanding yellow eyes, Blazeheart immediately dropped his gaze on the ground.

“Well?” Blazeheart gulped. “Owlfur attacked Frostyheart for mocking him and he..” Blazeheart stopped himself.

“He what? Killed her?” Sunstar mewed, and Blazeheart thought he detected humor in his words. Blazeheart didn’t reply and look up to face his leader, his eyes filled with fear. “Y-yes..”

“What?” Sunstar let out a gasp, his eyes widened twice the size. “This is bad.. very, very bad.. is it my fault?” Blazeheart blinked. This was his *leader’s* fault? What did *he* do?

“What..?” “I let him stay here,” Sunstar snapped at Blazeheart. Blazeheart flinched and took a step back. Flameleap convinced the clan to keep Owlfur, but before they discussed Owlfur’s fate, the elder mysteriously died. Probably of old age, but Blazeheart couldn’t help but have a feeling that she died, or killed, from a different cause.

“Sunstar it wasn’t your fault,” Blazeheart protested. His leader stare at him with pools of sadness. “It was Flameleap’s last wish to keep him,” he meowed.

He felt bad for his leader. He had to deal with this every time. “You couldn’t ignore an elder’s last wish.” Sunstar sighed. “You’re right,” the SunClan leader pricked his ears.

“I’ll miss Frostyheart. She still had moons to go on.” “We’ll all miss her.” Blazeheart tried to comfort him. Sunstar let out another sigh. “Let’s help Timberfur get Frostyheart ready for the burial.” Sunstar mewed.

“Wait, Sunstar.” Blazeheart paused. “What will happen to Owlfur now? Surely he can’t stay in SunClan because of what just happened..?”

Sunstar look at Blazeheart, his eyes clouded. “I’ll deal with it later. Right now get some cats to guard him. Make sure he doesn’t leave camp.” He padded away, head down. Swiftrose ran towards her

mate and pressed against his side. She murmured some comforting words into his ear.

Blazeheart stood rooted to his spot. Maybe if he saw the attack in time, he might've saved the white queen. *Great StarClan,* Blazeheart whispered to himself. *Was Flameleap's and Frostyheart's death my fault?*

Hmm.. Is 9000 reads and 250 votes too much? Sorry if it has to be a lot, this week is gonna be pretty busy for me. I got lots of projects to do! Gah!!!! So please do not kill me if I don't update at 9k reads and 250 votes D:

Who else hates projects?!

Chapter Twenty-nine

Thank you for the reads, votes, and comments. :) I never thought I would have the time to write this chapter! Woop! Enjoy, my dear readers! :P

Chapter 29

Firestorm

Firestorm stared at her leader, astonished. "What?" she whispered. "I'm going to be the deputy? What about Reedwhisker? He's still the deputy!"

Mistystar's eyes were clouded. "Yes, I know." "Then why—" "Firestorm." Mistystar raised her tail. "You will replace him." Firestorm blinked. First she replaced Thrushwing. Now was she going to replace Reedwhisker? What will he think?

"I.." Firestorm let out a sigh. "I don't know, Mistystar," she meowed. "Maybe we shall wait a little longer.." "No!" Firestorm was taken aback from her leader's sudden outrage. "What if I die, and Reedwhisker takes over? Firestorm, he's sick and weak! He can't be leader!"

Firestorm took a step back. "But Mistystar.. I don't want the whole Clan to hate me! Don't you think replacing Thrushwing is enough already?" "No." Mistystar's voice was as cold as the wind. "You have to let MistyClan rise, Firestorm. You are the Clan's only chance of survival!"

"But how?" Firestorm whispered. "How is it possible?" Mistystar looked away. "You are dismissed. Think about it. Will you do it for your clan?" The old leader padded away from Firestorm.

Firestorm shut her eyes. *Oh, Echomist,* she prayed silently to her mother. *What should I do? Should I replace Reedwhisker?* Firestorm let out a sigh before padding out of camp. She sniff the air around

her, hoping to catch the scent of Thornheart's patrol.

Where are they? she mumbled to herself. The next thing she know, she was at Sunning rocks. Firestorm took a swift glance around the deserted, snowy-white landscape around her before turning around.

"Firestorm!" Firestorm froze. That voice.. could it be? She turned around, and beamed happily. "Blazeheart!" she called at the orange speck in the distance. Firestorm dashed towards the waiting tom on the other side of the fast-flowing river, bits of snow flung out in front of her and splashed into the river as she stopped.

"Swim over!" Blazeheart yowled over the noise of the river. "I can't!" Firestorm yelled back. "It's too fast!" "Wait." Firestorm watched in awe as Blazeheart took a few steps back. "What are you doing?"

"Coming over to your side." "What?" Without warning, Blazeheart dashed forward, leaping at the edge of the waters' edge. His front paws barely touched Firestorm's side of the border before his whole body plunge into the freezing water.

"Blazeheart!" Firestorm gasp in horror. Her heart skipped a beat as the tabby pulled himself up and shook droplets of icy water at her. He grinned at her and bounced towards her. "You gave me a heart attack!" Firestorm scowled.

She press her nose against his cheek. "Stupid mouse-brain," she whispered. Blazeheart let out a purr and gently nudge her. "I missed you." "I missed you too." Firestorm never realized her feelings for the SunClan deputy had grown since their last meeting.

She missed his scent and his voice. "How are you?" Blazeheart broke away from her. "The blizzard last night.." "Oh!" Firestorm looked away, feeling sadness rush into her. "Are you okay?" Blazeheart mewed, concerned.

Firestorm met his green eyes and sighed. "My.. mother and two of my litter mates died." Blazeheart watched her, unmoving. "Another queen with her two kits died, too." "Firestorm.." Firestorm's vision

blurred with tears as she let out a whimper.

“Shh.. I’m here now Firestorm,” Firestorm leaned and pressed against Blazeheart’s cold chest. “Don’t worry, Firestorm..” Firestorm let out a sigh. “They are still watching over you in StarClan.” Blazeheart gently lick her cheek.

“Thank you, Blazeheart,” The tom let out a purr. They sat together quietly for a few moments, grooming each other and talking about the cats who have died in their clan.

“.. I never got the chance to say good-bye to my parents nor my sister,” Blazeheart meowed sadly to Firestorm. They were both sitting under a willow tree, a few fox-lengths away from the river. Firestorm paused in her grooming.

Blazeheart had a more difficult life. His parents died of green-cough and his sister, Cloudpaw, was injured badly by a fox. She soon died of her wounds on his warrior naming ceremony.

“I’m sorry,” Firestorm whispered. She really didn’t know what to say. Blazeheart suffered more then her, yet he still managed to move on. Blazeheart gently lick her between her ears. “It’s okay,” he meowed between licks. “I have you.”

Firestorm let out a throaty purr and gently rub her head underneath Blazeheart’s chin. A rustle was heard. Firestorm perk her ears. “Did you hear that?” Blazeheart glanced up. “What?”

“That noise..” Firestorm scanned around her. She blinked when she saw a pair of gleaming yellow eyes trained on her and Blazeheart from a snowy bush. It was pale and Firestorm could barely see it glowing.

“Whose there?” Firestorm stood up. “Show yourself!” Blazeheart stood up next to her. “What’s wrong? I don’t see any cat.” Firestorm stood, stiff, as she sniffed the air. The wind was blowing in her direction. Her eyes widened twice the size when she recognized the scent.

“Alright, Eaglepaw,” she meowed towards the bush. “You can come

out now.” Silence. Blazeheart twitched his ear, wondering who Eaglepaw is. A rustle was heard. Followed by another, and another.

“Firestorm,” Eaglepaw dipped his head towards his mentor. Firestorm stare at her apprentice with narrowed eyes. “How long have you been there, Eaglepaw?” The brown tabby shrugged. “Two, maybe three minutes.” He spoke softly.

“But Firestorm, the question is, how long have *you* been here with —” Eaglepaw wrinkled his nose. “—a SunClan warrior?” Firestorm let out a sigh. “Where’s Thornheart and the rest of the apprentices? Aren’t you supposed to be with them?”

Eaglepaw took a step forward. “Thornheart told me to go back to camp to find you. But instead I find you with *him*.” Firestorm watched as Eaglepaw curled his lip.

“You should go,” Firestorm murmured quietly to Blazeheart, who was have a staring contest with Eaglepaw. “Yeah,” the ginger deputy meowed to her, even though he kept his eyes on Eaglepaw. “I should.” He turned and stalked away to the edge of the river. Then, bunching his muscles together, he leaped into the fast-flowing river.

Firestorm watch in amazement as Blazeheart easily swam across and reach his side of the river. Only when the ginger pelt of his disappeared into the shadows, Firestorm turn back to meet her apprentice’s hostile glare. She had never seen an apprentice looking so scornful before.

“Who is he? Why does he smell like SunClan? What was he doing here?” Eaglepaw bursted out. “He’s the deputy of SunClan.” Firestorm meowed. “What was he doing?” Firestorm paused, choosing her next words carefully. “We were talking.” “About?” “Duties.” “But you both come from different clans.”

Firestorm rolled her eyes. Her apprentice was getting on her nerves. “No more questions asked.” She sternly meowed to Eaglepaw. “But —” “Look, Eaglepaw,” Firestorm meowed, softer now. “I’ll let you have the first choice of the fresh-kill pile if you promise me not to tell anyone about this, okay? This.. this will be our little secret.

Promise me.”

Firestorm held her breath as Eaglepaw search her face with his big, yellow eyes. “Okay.” he finally meowed after a lengthy silence. “Good,” Firestorm let out a sigh. “Now let’s go find Thornheart’s patrol.”

I haven't forgotten Stormyheart or Rosetail and her kits! They'll appear soon, I promise!

Next update at 9,65O reads and 280 votes? :D

Chapter Thirty

Woo!!!! In less than 24 hours the minimum reads and votes required have burst over! Thank you guys for the votes and reads! Here's your reward—a new chapter of Forbidden Love ;3

Chapter 30

Blazeheart

Once out of sight, Blazeheart shook his soaking, wet pelt. Water droplets sprinkled around him, hitting the snow covered ground. He was freezing. Blazeheart look around himself, looking for the familiar tree of his.

Blazeheart ignored the coldness that swept around in his body, hoping to find his tree. He let out a sigh of relief when he notice the markings on the tree he made.

Blazeheart mumbled something under his breath as a huge lump of snow hit him. He let out a cry of surprise as he felt the snow pile on him. Coldness swept through him once again. “Blazeheart!” Blazeheart tried to open his mouth to respond to the cat calling his name, but when he did, a mouthful of snow entered his mouth.

His jaw suddenly felt stiff, his tongue numb. Using his paws, Blazeheart summoned all his strength and bunched his muscles together, ignoring the snow that bunched up together like ice. As he pushed himself out of the snow, he heard a tiny squeal.

“Oh, there you are,” Tawnyfur meowed. Blazeheart fell to his side, panting. His fur had huge clumps of ice and snow stuck to it and Blazeheart shivered when he felt the coldness swept underneath his thick layer of fur.

“Are you okay?” Tawnyfur rubbed her side to Blazeheart’s side. He coughed out snow, sputtering every few seconds or so as Tawnyfur gently caress his belly with her paw. Blazeheart wanted to squirm

away from her touch but he was too tired and cold to care. This time, and only this time, he will lie on Tawnyfur's side for support.

Blazeheart was afraid. With him weak and Tawnyfur a little sick with white-cough, they were easy-looking targets for predators and enemies. Blazeheart's thoughts went to Owlfur. The dark brown tabby was exiled from SunClan just before Blazeheart went to see Firestorm.

He was sent by Sunstar to follow the former SunClan warrior, to make sure he left the territory. Once Blazeheart was sure Owlfur touched the outside of SunClan territory, he dash to the river, hoping to find Firestorm.

He sent a prayer to StarClan, hoping she was alright. The blizzard was strong, and Blazeheart was scared something might've happened to the MistyClan Lead. He breath out a sigh of relief when he saw her. Firestorm was more beautiful then they last met.

A few fox-lengths before Blazeheart and Tawnyfur entered camp, Tawnyfur stopped. Blazeheart paused, surprised. "What is it?" Tawnyfur look at him. "I know you don't feel the same way as me, Blazeheart. I always knew. But I just wanted you to know now.. I really liked you, maybe even loved you. I think you know that already."

"Tawnyfur.." Blazeheart started to meow, but Tawnyfur cut him off. "I can tell you like another she-cat, that's one of the reasons why I am not going to.." She paused, looking embarrassed. "..flirt with you anymore."

Blazeheart blinked. "Thank you for understanding, Tawnyfur." He meowed warmly. Tawnyfur dipped her head. "Can we be friends?" "Yes. We're friends." "Oh and I'm also sorry for being an annoying love-sick dove for the last couple of moons.." "It's okay, Tawnyfur," Blazeheart purred again. "I forgive you."

Together they walk into camp, Blazeheart resting against Tawnyfur's side. They walked together to Brackenfur's den, and every once in a while, a clan-mate would pad up towards them and congratulate them. When they do, Tawnyfur will politely say no.

Blazeheart let out a soft purr as he settled on the mossy bedding Willowstripe made for him. Now that Tawnyfur's out of the picture, it's one less problem towards his forbidden relationship with Firestorm.

∞ ∞ ∞

Blazeheart blinked at the surroundings around him. Bright, tall trees with silver leaves.. a slow-flowing river.. Blazeheart let out a small gasp. *I'm in StarClan!* Blazeheart scanned around once again. His eyes lock with a figure of a cat.

Blazeheart squinted at the figure, trying to make out the familiar-looking white she-cat in the distance. She had pale, gentle blue eyes and pale gray stripes slicing across her pelt. As the she-cat took a step forward, Blazeheart's eyes widened and his jaw dropped.

Blazeheart didn't need to wreck his brain once he met the she-cat's gaze. He just said one word : "Cloudstorm?"

CLIFFHANGER! DON'T KILL MEH~ Hehe sorry for that guys buuuuttt!! Cheeze is really busy ATM with all her projects and due to that, she might not be able to upload tomorrow or the day after that!! Cheeze is really sorry for this. :(

P.S. If you read Sunstar's History you will know who Cloudstorm is :D (Also if you read the previous chatper)

P.P.S. Hmm.. maybe if I get 9,75O reads and 285 votes, there will be an update soon? ;)

Chapter Thirty-one

So sorry for the long wait. :) Sorry if this chapter is short! I had only 15 minutes to write this!

Chapter 31

She just couldn't believe what just happened. Something dreadful appeared in her mind from that single movement.. She couldn't.. she just.. she can't! Firestorm ran. She ran, and ran, and ran, away from her clan, away from her clanmates.

No, no! I can't be! Firestorm stopped and collapsed to one side, panting heavily. She looked up and a shiver went down her spine. "Firestorm?" Firestorm's eyes widened. The familiar blue-gray pelt of her leader stood in front, a questioning look spread across her face. "Are you okay?"

Firestorm was frozen to the spot. She couldn't speak. She couldn't even blink. How was she supposed to tell her leader about that slight movement in her belly she just felt a few moments ago?

Firestorm dreaded the day she ever met the ginger tom. Why did she ever agreed to meet him by the river? Why did she meet him *again?* She knew it would happen sometime, but now? She never thought it would happen to her! Yet she was foolish enough to meet him a third time, and to be caught by her apprentice! "Firestorm?"

Firestorm break from her thoughts, standing up. She locked gazes with Mistystar steadily, trying to hide the fear. "I'm.. I'm okay," she meowed breathlessly, dropping her leader's icy gaze to her paws.

"Are you sure?" the old leader drew forward. "You seem unusually.. tired and.. shocked? What happened?" Firestorm took a step back. "N-nothing, Mistystar. Nothing!" Mistystar narrowed her pale blue eyes, clearly not approving her Lead was not telling the truth.

“Okay,” the blue-gray she-cat finally meow after a lengthy silence. “If something’s bothering you, please tell me. I never thought the job of a Lead was too hard..” Firestorm’s eyes widened.

“No!” she gasped. “No,” she repeated quietly, feeling hot as Mistystar tilt her head. “Okay.” Mistystar finally meowed. Her pale blue eyes dulled as she spoke. “But if you do have a problem, please do tell me what it is.”

Firestorm flinched. Her leader trusted her. So what will happen when she finds out she’s expecting kits?

Firestorm nodded to her leader. “I will,” she lied. She hated lying to her own grandmother and leader. Her leader dipped her head, mumbling a few words to herself as she padded past Firestorm.

Firestorm tiredly fall to her feet, grumbling to herself. She should have never met Blazeheart! Maybe if she didn’t, this might not have happened. Firestorm picked herself up, noticing she was unusually tired.

Maybe that’s how she-cats feel when they are expecting? she thought to herself. As Firestorm padded slowly back to the direction of camp, she heard a few hushed voices and pricked her ears.

“.. when are we..” “.. tonight..” “Good.. they’ll never..” “I’ll see.. later..” Firestorm narrowed her eyes as she dropped into a hunting crouch and stalked towards the voices that was coming from a few bushes ahead of her.

She quietly peaked and her eyes widened double their sizes. It was Thrushwing with a dark brown tabby she didn’t recognized. The tom had a sturdy body—he looked like a leader.. he made Thrushwing look small who was standing beside him.

Firestorm lifted her muzzle and tasted the air for the scent of the tabby. She let out a small gasp as she realized it was the scent of SunClan.

This time I'm not gonna ask for how many reads, votes, or comments for the time being. I think I'll decide on watching it

grow. :)

I think Sunstar's History will be the next update, so stay tuned!

Chapter Thirty-two

Woah.. that was fast! LOL! Thank you Sweater_Weeather and Pizzapoodle for the votes! <3

Chapter 32

His mother stood in front of him, with unblinking pale blue eyes. Blazeheart tried to meow something, but his throat was dry. Cloudstorm took a step forward. Her face showed sadness yet Blazeheart thought he saw a glimpse of happiness in her eyes.

“Blazeheart, my son,” she whispered with her honey-like voice. Blazeheart managed a purr. “Listen, my kit.”

Blazeheart twitched his ear. “*The snowstorm have past, yet it is only the beginning of what has to come. Four cats will rise into power, respect, but two will connect with the darkness and be blinded with evil and hatred.*” “What–”

Blazeheart gasp as his mother started to fade away, the sad face still plastered. “*You cannot run away from this prophecy. It has already been decided seasons ago. Beware of the thaw of the rising darkness. Be prepared to face your greatest enemies.*

“Stand strong, defend your loved ones, if not you will all but perish. Not even StarClan have the power to defeat the lurking shadows.”

Blazeheart let out a yowl as his mother and StarClan disappeared all around him. He was alone. Suddenly, a smokey gray mist enfolded from the ground before him. Blazeheart gasped and tried to move in terror, but he stood frozen to the ground, unable to move. The mist had curled around his paws with black thorns, holding on to him.

“No!” Blazeheart yowled as the mist slowly climb up towards his paws to cover him. No matter how much he wriggled, he couldn’t be freed. It was only a matter of seconds before Blazeheart was covered by the mist. He couldn’t breathe, and found himself

suffocating.

Blazeheart woke up in cold sweat. The dream he had seemed so real. What happened to StarClan and his mother? What was happening to him? Was this related to his forbidden relationship with Firestorm?

I have to see Firestorm! Blazeheart stood up, feeling a wave of numbness flowing throughout his body. *I have to find her!* Blazeheart poked his head out of the medicine den. It was already dark.

He looked behind his shoulder. Willowstripe and her mentor Brackenfur were curled up in their nests. Blazeheart silently creeped out of the den. He cursed when he accidentally knocked over a few pebbles with his paws.

Behind him, Willowstripe stirred. She switched her sleeping position and slumped to one side again. Blazeheart closed his eyes and breathed in a sigh of relief, thanking StarClan. As he padded out from behind the medicine den, he felt a surge of happiness. The thought of seeing Firestorm again made his heart swell.

But the dream still stuck to his mind like a fly on a web. The dream was haunting him. What did his mother mean by preparing to face his enemies? *I don't have any enemies except..*

At this point, Blazeheart's eyes widened as his mind flew to a certain tom. He did had one enemy. Owlfur. But what can one cat do to make his loved ones, Firestorm, in danger? Blazeheart shook his head. Owlfur didn't have any power, but he sure did have his mind clouded with darkness.

One cat surely can't have that much evilness and power in them that StarClan is afraid of.. *right*?

Chapter Thirty-three

Here it is! Chapter 33 after much bragging and the votes.. :D

Chapter 33

Firestorm

Firestorm shivered. Why was this tom here? He was from SunClan, so why was he with Thrushwing, whispering about StarClan-knows-what? She started to back off, but she accidentally hit a few pebbles with her back paws.

At once, Thrushwing and the dark brown tabby froze in their spots. Firestorm held her breath, praying to StarClan they won't scent her. It was hopeless. Thrushwing lifted his nose in the air, sniffing. He turn his gaze towards the spot where Firestorm was hiding. She held her breath.

"What was that?" The dark brown tabby meowed loudly.
"Nothing," Thrushwing replied, not removing his gaze on the bush Firestorm was hiding. "We'll.. tomorrow. Now's not... the time to..."

The brown tabby let out a meow of confusion and bared his fangs. "Fine. But you better be there. Don't be later." "Go, Owlfur!" Thrushwing hissed. Despite Owlfur's huge size, Thrushwing didn't care and was unafraid. He knew he could beat the tom. It was all the experience of being a warrior the longest with the most battles he or she have fought.

Owlfur mumbled something that Firestorm couldn't really here. "Don't.. I won't.." Owlfur dipped his head and disappeared under the shadows of the trees. At that moment Firestorm begun to back off as swiftly as possible. She made sure she made no more mistakes like that pebble she had accidentally kicked.

Once she felt the uncomfortable branches and leaves scratching disappear off her back and sides, Firestorm jumped up and fled

from the scene. By the time Thrushwing padded towards the bushes, it was already too late. Firestorm was already half way back to camp.

Firestorm dashed through the camp entrance and halted right outside Mistystar's den. She had to wait a few seconds to calm her racing heart down. What was Thrushwing doing with that SunClan warrior? And most importantly, did that warrior know about her and Blazeheart's secret relationship? Was that why he was speaking with Blazeheart?

The questions raced in Firestorm's head. She took a step back. If she told Mistystar she spotted Thrushwing and the SunClan warrior on MistyClan land, Mistystar would question Thrushwing. Thrushwing could tell Mistystar about Firestorm's secret meetings! *No!* Firestorm gasp.

She turn her back on her leader's den and padded into the warriors' den. She carefully step pass her sleeping clanmates and settled down on her nest of moss. As she tucked her paws underneath her chest and lay her head down, there was a single thought that flowed.

I can never *see Blazeheart again, for the sake of me and my kits' safety.* Her eyes started to drop. *I am no longer mates with Blazeheart.*

Chapter Thirty-four

Here it is :) Sorry if its short! Enjoy :D

Chapter 34

Blazeheart peeked through the ferns. He had finally arrived at MistyClan camp. *Strange,* he thought. The cat on night duty.. where was he or she? This was easier than what Blazeheart thought. Still, he had to be cautious.

He silently dart under the shadows, whiffing the air, trying to find Firestorm's scent. He stopped outside a den, and sniffed the ground. The scent of Mistystar. Wrong den. He cursed. He wished Leaf-bare was over. He hated walking through the snow.

He paused when he reached the entrance of another den. Bigger, this time. He peeked through the entrance, and smiled to himself when he caught the fire-coated she-cat. Luckily she was near the entrance to the left side. "Firestorm!" he whispered. "Firestorm!" he whispered again, this time louder than before.

A few cats started to twitch in their sleep. Blazeheart froze. If a cat caught him like this, he or she will alert the clan! But he had to do this. He wanted to talk to Firestorm about what his mother had said to him. "Firestorm!"

This time, the ginger she-cat squirmed. "Who's there?" she meowed sleepily. Blazeheart stretch out a paw and poked her. He watched as her eyes widened, then narrowed into slits. She stood up, and carefully walked over her clanmates' sleeping bodies.

Once the two were outside, behind the den, Blazeheart padded forward and nuzzle her cheek. Firestorm, however, just flinched and didn't respond. "I missed you," Blazeheart mumbled into her ear. Firestorm didn't reply. "There's something I need to tell you." Blazeheart meowed, a little confused Firestorm wasn't looking at him with love.

She just stared at him as if he was nothing more important than a tree. “My mother Cloudstorm came to me in a dream,” Blazeheart whispered, his gaze still on hers. “She said something about four cats rising into power, respect, and two will turn evil.”

“Why are you telling me this?” Blazeheart took a step back at the coldness of her words. “I-I wanted to see you too,” He whispered. He tried to rub against her. Firestorm let out a hiss when he accidently hit the side of her belly with his paw.

“That hurt!” she snarled and drew backwards. “What’s wrong?” Blazeheart meowed, his eyes full of pain. “Blazeheart,” Firestorm drew in a breath. “I have something to tell you too.”

Firestorm paused. Blazeheart waited anxiously. “You don’t think that this–” “Yes. I think that we should stop this.” “Stop what?” “This. The meetings, like this for example. Please,” Firestorm begged as Blazeheart watched, pain filling his heart.

“Firestorm, I love you..” “Stop it! Just, *stop*.” Blazeheart felt as if a million thorns had struck him. “But why..” “Because,” Firestorm met his gaze again, this time as if she felt the pain Blazeheart had felt. “I am expecting your kits.” Blazeheart gasped. Firestorm expecting his kits? *He was going to be a father!*

“Oh, that’s wonderful, Firestorm!” he whispered and love filled his eyes. “Our kits will the greatest and–” “No,” Firestorm hissed. “Don’t you get it? There is no ‘our’ or even ‘*us*’ anymore. There never will be ever again! I don’t want my kits to be raised with divided loyalties! What will happen if you meet them in battle one day?” Firestorm let out a cry. “Do you want that to happen? Do you?”

Blazeheart couldn’t speak. She said '*my* kits', not *our* kits. He was frozen to his spot. “Firestorm, *please*, I–” “I’m sorry, Blazeheart.” Firestorm spoke, this time her voice strong once again. “We are no longer mates anymore.”

There was a dead silence. Then, Blazeheart turned away. “As you wish,” he whispered. Every word hung in the air. “I will leave you and.. your kits alone." The word *your* was forced. "But remember

this. I will always love you, Firestorm.” Blazeheart whispered. He padded away from Firestorm, the grief inside him twisted in his heart.

He and Firestorm both know that he will never stop loving her.

Chapter Thirty-five

Thank you for the 400 votes on this book guys. It means a lot to me. :)

Chapter 35

Firestorm

One moon later..

“Oh, Firestorm, congratulations,” Firestorm slightly flinch when her sister Rosetail gently nudge her. “I’m sure your kits will be great.” Firestorm managed to smile. She had to move to the Nursery today —her belly was showing. She had to admit, she was feeling pretty happy and excited about it. She didn’t like the way Eaglepaw was acting or treating her as if she was his scratch post.

Eaglepaw had a strong mind filled with darkness that no cat can explain. Eaglepaw now has a new mentor, Smokemist. Smokemist was now the temporarily Lead. Firestorm sighed. She remembered how Mistystar stared at her with disappointment after announcing to the clan she was moving to the Nursery, and had to change the Lead in the clan.

Firestorm could still hear the words ringing in her mind. *What if I die, and Reedwhisker takes over? Firestorm, he’s sick and weak! He can’t be leader!* Firestorm was caught up in her thoughts she didn’t notice Dawnsky padding into the Nursery. The cream-colored queen was heavily pregnant and was due any day from now. She slumped into a nest and gave a nod towards Firestorm.

“Mama, Mama!” Firestorm perked her ears at the sounds of Rosetail’s three kits Mistkit, Hailkit, and Poppykit came running towards her. Firestorm watched as her sister’s eyes instantly filled with love. “Hello, my lovelies!” she purred. “Mama, Mama!” Mistkit squeaked. “I caught a mouse!” the dark gray she-kit mewed. “Hailkit’s carrying it!”

Hailkit came barging through. The big pale gray-and-white tabby kit was carrying a gray mouse by its tail. It was nearly as big as Poppykit, a dark brown tabby she-kit, who was trailing after her sisters.

“Why, that mouse is huge! You three can share the mouse, my lovelies.” Rosetail let out another purr. She bent down and gently licked Poppykit. “Hello, Firestorm!” Nettlekit, Rockshade’s kit, meowed. “Why are you here today?”

Firestorm purred at the kit’s curiosity. “Why, little Nettlekit, I’m expecting, if you haven’t heard.” “I’m not little!” the dark brown kit protested as Firestorm licked her head. “Of course not,” Firestorm settled down on her nest. “You are the bravest hunter ever!”

“Hey! *She* didn’t catch the mouse!” Mistkit mewed. “*I* did!” Mistkit leaped onto Nettlekit playfully. “Kits these days,” Rockshade purred. “Oh, hello Firestorm.” the gray queen purred. “Rockshade,” Firestorm dipped her head. “Congratulations,” Firestorm twitched her whiskers. “Thank you.”

“I’m sure they’ll be fine kits.” “I’m sure of it too.” There was a few heartbeats of silence. Then,.. “Firestorm, can I speak to you privately?” Firestorm blinked. Rockshade’s smile was gone and was replaced by seriousness. “Sure.” “Outside?”

The two she-cats padded outside and behind the Nursery. “May I ask who is the father of your kits?” Firestorm froze. “I..” “It’s okay, Firestorm..” Rockshade whispered. “Nettlesplash isn’t the father of Nettlekit.” Firestorm let out a gasp. “What?”

The gray queen just sighed. “The father is not from this clan.” “Wait, so that means–” “Yes, my kit is half-clan.” “Is he from another clan?” There was silence. “He’s..” “From the Clans” “No.” “He’s a *kittypet*?” Rockshade cringed. “No. He was a rogue one. We met by mistake. He had the same pelt as Nettlesplash, so he didn’t notice.” Silence once again.

“I just wanted to tell you this because I think I know who the father of your unborn kits are. He isn’t from MistyClan.” Firestorm gulped as she studied her paws. “It’s Blazeheart, isn’t it..?” “H-how did you

know?" The gray queen sighed. "I saw you two together a moon ago, behind the warriors' den while going to the dirtplace."

Firestorm shut her eyes tightly. Why did she agree to talk to Blazeheart? Why was she stupid? "It's okay, Firestorm, I know how tough it is, knowing your kit is half-clan. I just wanted to tell you that if you need any advise you can talk to me. I won't tell any soul." "Thank you, Rockshade," The queen just looked at Firestorm with sympathy.

"Why are you helping me?" Firestorm mumbled. She didn't understand why. "Because, Firestorm, I know how hard it is for a she-cat to live with a burden like this. I don't want it to happen to any mother."

"Thank you, once again." Firestorm purred. She flicked her tail. "It's not a problem at all," Rockshade dipped her head and started to pad away from her. Firestorm sat down, sighing. How many secrets are there that breaks the warrior code? And how many more cats will break it?

This is NOT the last chapter guys :) Firestorm's kits will be born first before I start the next book ;D It won't be long, I promise :)

~!Important Author's Note about the incoming Updates!~

Hey guys. I'm really happy on the votes and reads on this book :) Thank you all for the support, guys <3 There will be one more chapter before the prologue, until Lurking Shadows comes out! Woo! I love you guys to death for reading and posting the awesome comments on my book, and I hope you will keep reading my stories :) See you on the next chapter <3 :D Laff you guyz ~~~

Chapter Thirty-six

Hey guys~ Here it is—the last chapter of Dangerous Situation! The epilogue is next! Btw, I'm sick with fever, headache, and a cold, so the epilogue might come late :) Please enjoy :)

Chapter 36

Blazeheart

A moon had past after Blazeheart's and Firestorm's last meeting. The Clan had two new warriors since last moon–Fishleap and Morningfur. Dapplenose had moved to the Nursery, expecting kits of her own.

Blazeheart was sitting on his nest, belly flat on the ground. His dark green eyes were faded and his paws were curled underneath his chest. *There is no 'our' or even '*us*' anymore. There never will be ever again!* Her last words rung in his head. *Because I'm expecting your kits.* Blazeheart shut his eyes tightly.

He was going to be a father. A father! Him! But his mate, no, scratch that, *former* mate, had made it clear she wanted nothing more to do with him. Blazeheart let out a sigh. He loved Firestorm. Why did it have to go this way? What did he ever done wrong?

"Blazeheart?" Blazeheart perked his ears. "What is it, Sandwhisker?" he mumbled, not turning around. "Sunstar would like to have a word with you." "I'll be right with him." Blazeheart replied. He stood up from his nest and stretched before padding after Sandwhisker.

"Sunstar?" "Come in." "I've brought Blazeheart." "Good. You are dismissed, Sandwhisker." Blazeheart flicked his ears as he watch his leader and the Lead talk. Once Sandwhisker disappeared behind the lichen curtain of Sunstar's den, Sunstar turned his back on Blazeheart.

“Sit down.” Blazeheart flinched at his leader’s monotone words. Blazeheart twitched his whiskers as he rested his haunches on the ground. He tap the sandy ground of the den with the tip of his tail while he waited patiently for Sunstar to speak. “I’ve been watching you.”

Blazeheart froze. *What? Does he know about me and Firestorm? About she expecting my kits and–* Sunstar raised his head and met Blazeheart’s gaze. “You seem..” the ginger leader paused and frowned. “*..distant.*.”

Blazeheart flinched when his leader’s gaze turned sharp. “I’m.. I’m okay..” “Are you sure, Blazeheart? I’ve noticed that you have changed from the old Blazeheart since last moon.” *What can I say? My mate rejected me when she’s about to have my kits!*

“Blazeheart, you didn’t go to the gathering two days ago, which I find weird. I know that you never like missing gatherings.” Blazeheart drop his gaze to his paws. Silence hung in the air for a few moments before Sunstar sighed.

“Blazeheart I *know* something’s amiss with you. Tell me. Is it about Tawnyfur?” Blazeheart tensed. Tawnyfur’s white-cough had turned to green-cough. It had became so serious that she had to stay in the medicine cat den. “No.” Blazeheart mewed.

“Oh, okay.” Silence again. “Blazeheart, I think you really should find a mate, have kits.. you know..” Blazeheart stifled a growl. He *had* all that. *Had.* Before Firestorm ended it. He could’ve run away with Firestorm and together they could raised their kits peacefully! Now he’ll never be able to know who are his kits!

Why, StarClan, why? Blazeheart whispered. *I loved her..*
“..Blazeheart?” “Huh?” “Are you okay? You zoned out for a bit.” “Oh.. yes.. I’m fine. May I go now and attend my duties?” Blazeheart winced when his leader stared at him in shock. Blazeheart never snapped back, and he felt terrible.

“Yes, of course. You may. But Blazeheart.. if there’s anything wrong, you can always talk to me about it.” Blazeheart paused. Sunstar had treated him as if he was his son. Blazeheart felt bad—

he wanted to tell his leader about Firestorm and the great news about his coming kits.

But he couldn't. Sunstar would exile him and he would lose the support of his Clan. *Divided loyalties! That's why!* Blazeheart finally understood. He had to choose over the loyalty of his Clan or Firestorm and his unborn kits.. Firestorm knew all this.. and she chose to be loyal to her clan and end things with him.

Blazeheart stiffened. *She chose her Clan over me..* Blazeheart sighed. He gave Sunstar a nod and padded out of the den, not wanting to look at his leader's curious eyes. Blazeheart padded back into the warriors' den, and into his nest. He curled up into a tight ball and shut his eyes. *If I asked Firestorm to leave the clan behind with me, our kits will grow up without knowing our warrior lives. They are also easy prey for predators..*

Blazeheart opened his eyes. The image of Firestorm was stuck in his mind. *Even though our kits will never know their father, at least they can grow up safe.. hopefully Firestorm will find a mate and convince her clan that she is expecting* his *kits.. Then our kits will be in safe paws. If Firestorm is able to move on.. then I can.*

And I will.

Epilogue

The Epilogue! Woo! We've finally reached it! Just wanted to end this book today so here it is!

Epilogue

Firestorm

"Oh, Firestorm.. they are perfect.." Her sister's voice trailed. Firestorm opened her eyes. The morning light peaked through the Nursery's bramble-covered roof. For a second, she didn't know what happened. Then last night's memories came rushing back in a jot.

Firestorm craned her neck to her belly. Four, tiny bundles lay sleeping silently. Firestorm could barely hold in her excitement and love growing for her new kits. Firestorm stretch her neck, licking the biggest kit-a dark brown tabby tom with a white chest.. just like hers. The tom mewed in protest as Firestorm touched him.

She took a quick glance at each of her kits. There was a ginger tabby she-cat, a pure white tom with pale silver stripes, and a pale brown tabby she-cat with soft-looking fur. Firestorm found herself gazing at her ginger daughter.

She looked so much like her father.. Oh Blazeheart.. Firestorm let out a sigh. I wish you were here.. She also noticed her white son shared the same pelt as Firestorm's sister, Snowykit. Firestorm vowed to herself to never take another mate. She couldn't risk the safety of her kits, and she doesn't know if she will ever love another tom like Blazeheart..

"So, have you named your kits yet?" Dawnsky meow interrtupted her thoughts. The queen's tail was wrapped around her two kits-Hawkkit and Ravenkit. They was born two moons ago. Hawkkit shared the same dark brown pelt as his father Sedgefoot, but had

his mother's green eyes, while Ravenkit was a pure black tom with green eyes.

Firestorm paused. "I did." Firestorm was hoping one of her kits will have her mother's gray fur so she could name her after her. She missed Echomist so much..

"I'm sure Echomist is proud of having more grandkits. They'll be fine warriors." Rosetail meowed. Firestorm weakly purred at her sister's kind words. "I name this kit Sparrowkit," Firestorm gently nose her first-born. "This she-kit Blazekit," she licked the ginger kit. "This tom Blizzardkit and the last kit Honeykit."

"Those are beautiful names." Rockshade purred from the entrance of the den. Nettlekit padded behind her mother, her eyes widened at the sight of Firestorm's kits. "Oh, new play-mates!" the five-moon-old kit squealed.

"New play-mates?" Firestorm purred when her sister's three-moon-old kits dashed behind Nettlekit. "Yes. Meet my kits Sparrowkit, Blazekit, Blizzardkit, and Honeykit."

The four has arrived bearing the new threat to the Clans and the unknown future.. soon the new horrors lying in wait will slowly tear the Clans apart inside out.. one by one.. until there will be no more.

I want to thank all my amazing fans for their support on my book. Without them, I don't think I would've completed this! Thank you for reading, and I hope to see you again on the next book of my Forbidden Love series, Lurking Shadows :)